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ATTENTION

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Maggie DeLorca
Kicks Ass!!



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COMMENT

What to Say at the Dinner Table

by Jason Chow

How time flies. Classes are almost over. Exams will soon be written. And before you know it, you'll be feasting with your family and all your favourite relatives and friends.

They'll begin by asking how you are. You'll respond, "Fine." Then they'll wonder how

school is going for you. And as a reflex, you'll answer, "Fine."

Because they haven't seen you since the last family gathering, they'll ask what you are studying. You respond with your chosen area of study, or at least something sounding moderately coherent, for those who still hover in a state of perpetual indecision.

If you're someone studying in the liberal-arts, you'll probably get a nod and smile from your interviewer followed by the inevitable question: "And then what?" And if you're really lucky and have your obnoxious uncle sitting next to you, you'll probably have him asking, "What are you doing, studying *that*? How will you make money?"

And here is where lies the problem. First, why the lack of faith in Arts students? Second, why does there have to be a "then what?"

Public perception of the BA and the university has changed relatively recently from reverence

to indifference or contempt. This summer, a poll in Ontario found that while 35% of its respondents believed that a college or technical diploma was the path to a secure future, only 17% and 3% had the same faith with the B.Sc. and BA respectively. Maclean's magazine devoted a special issue to the merits of the two-year institution and why many of our generation are choosing it over university. Even the recent provincial election campaign reeked of the utilitarian education ideal. All of the three major parties called for the need for CEGEPs and universities to be more *branché* with the job market. The most extreme was Action Démocratique leader Mario Dumont who advocated a 30% reduction in funding for programs which were "less employable" such as the humanities and a 30% increase for those deemed "employable" (i.e. computer programming).

But recent statistics have pointed that the opposite is true.

A report presented by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council found that the English lit. major was not confined to a job in the service industry. Nor is the college diploma the path to material success and instant employment. Here are numbers with which to arm yourself in response to your obnoxious uncle and the politicians.

The unemployment rate for recent university grads was 5.8%, far below the 9.3% of the college diploma-holders, and further under the national average. The long-term earning power of liberal arts grads ranges from a 78% increase for those who studied in the humanities to 106% for ex-social science students. And more liberal arts grads are employed in professional or managerial jobs than recipients of commerce or management degrees.

Although these numbers vindicate the liberal arts as an employable degree, we must not lose

sight of the greater implications of the general public's view of university education. The university is not just a training ground for a future vocation. It is not a human capital feeder organization for the big business machine. We are not here simply for the chances of better employment (although the stats prove that this does, indeed, lie in store).

We are here first and foremost for the pursuit of knowledge. In the larger scheme, the focus on the job market as the end which lies beyond any and all means is relatively recent. The university was first founded in a quest for truth, not for employment opportunities.

And though the frantic, semester-end rush to complete papers, finish assignments, and read up for exams doesn't always seem like a quest for truth, neither should it be viewed as a pathway to a wealthy future.

Remind your uncle of these things when you see him next.

The Daily welcomes any and all comment, criticism, and letters to the editor. Please drop off at our office in B-03 Shatner, or email us at daily@generation.net, or fax us at 398-8318. Letters should be no more than 300 words.

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Down the Drain

A SEMI-CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE

By Louigi Addario-Berry

MNAs WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

There are so many newspapers in Québec and across the country. So many outlets for different opinions. These days, they're all focused on the same thing - the election.

I could cheerily chime in with all the other voices, glibly offering my own commentary on the state of Québec politics, merrily assuming that the opinions being spouted from my lips had not already been both stated, and refuted, by commentators and analysts both more knowledgeable and eloquent than myself. But instead, I think I'll focus on some aspects of this campaign which haven't been considered so much by the mainstream media. ...After all, what's student press for, right?

A miss is as good as a mile

There's no point in dwelling on

the big winners, or even on the narrow victories. You all saw that on TV, I'm sure. Instead, let's take a look at the big losers of the campaign. I'm considering candidates who, out of all those running for seats in the Québec's National Assembly, managed to garner the least number of votes in their respective ridings.

So, without further ado, here are the ten least popular candidates in la Belle Province.

10. Christian Simard, Natural Law Party (NLP), Sherbrooke, 53 votes

9. Malek Khouri, Parti Communiste du Québec (PCQ), NDG, 44 votes

8. Teresa Vergara, PCQ, Anjou, 43 votes.

8. Gilles Roussel, NLP, Rimouski, 43 votes

6. Serge Lachapelle, Marxist-Leninist (ML), Saint-François, 42 votes

5. André Giguère, Parti Innovateur du Québec (PIQ), Crémazie, 39 votes

4. Michel Dugré, Non-affiliated, Sainte-Marie-Saint-Jacques, 38 votes

3. Ulises Nitor, PCQ, Crémazie, 33 votes

3. Herve Raymond, PIQ, Chambly, 33 votes

Comments to this point: notice Giguère and Nitor were in the same riding, Crémazie. You'd think the two of them could have at least teamed up. That would have given them 72 votes, enough to give the NLP's Denis Cauchon, with 88 votes, a run for his money. What losers.

The biggest stinker of them all, however, I saved for last. It was:

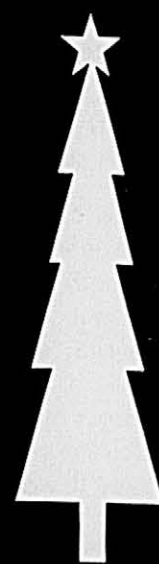
1. Eric Labreque, Independent, Charlesbourg, 0 votes!!!

Think about this for a moment.

This meant that no one voted for this sap. Not his friends, not his family ... not even himself. The guy couldn't be bothered to get out there on voting day and cast a *single ballot*, despite the fact that he took the trouble to run for the spot.

I would like to make a suggestion to the ten worst candidates of 1998. Band together, and run against Pierre Fortier, of the equality party, in Chomedey. The combined might of the dynamic decuplet would have received a grand total of 368 votes, toppling Fortier's 367. And if they convinced Fortier to join forces ... think of where this might lead.

So next time you think you've got something to offer the general populace, shout it out on the corner of a busy street or from the Arts steps. You might convince more people with the bellow of your voice than as a name on a ballot.



Seasons greetings, and our deepest thanks, to all Daily staff, contributors, readers, and to all members of the Daily Publications Society. See you next year!

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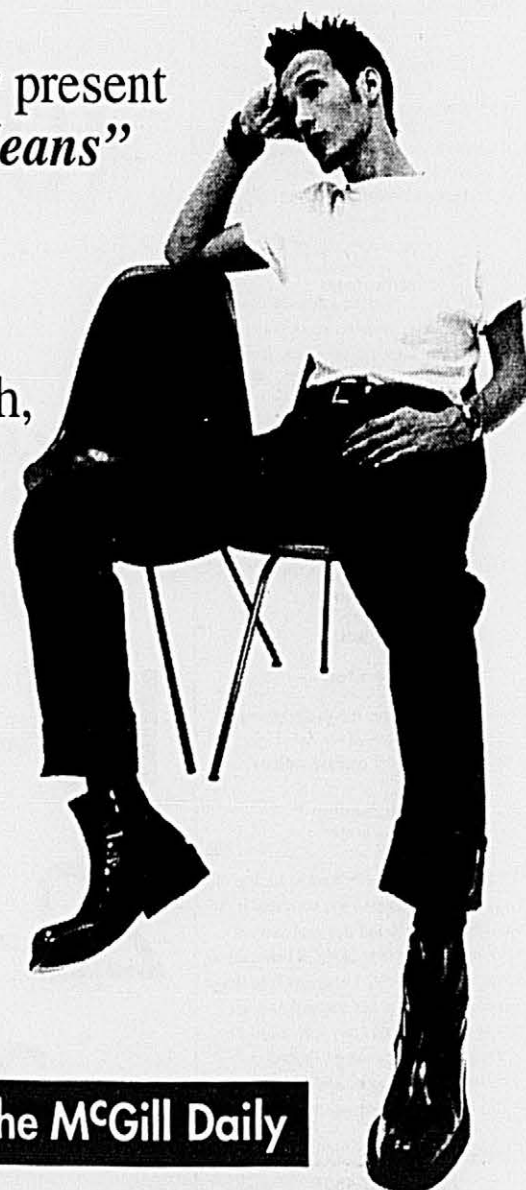
Winners' names and *"Top Ten Lists"* will be published in the January 7th, 1999 issue of **The McGill Daily**.

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The McGill Daily



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The McGill Daily

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Histories We Have Been Taught to

THE CONGRESS OF BLACK WRITERS, MONTRÉAL, 1968

by David Austin

The following is part II of last week's article on the 1968 Congress of Black Writers (November 26). Dedicated to the life and memory of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X, the Congress took place in McGill University's Union Ballroom from October 11 to 14. Hundreds of people attended to discuss the history and struggles of black people and the meaning of Black Power in the face of racism and colonialism in the West and in the Third World.

When over two hundred students occupied the computer room on the ninth floor of Sir George Williams University (now Concordia University), on January 29, 1969 the Congress of Black writers was still fresh in their minds.

A number of students had filed a complaint against a white professor who they accused of assigning lower marks to black students during the previous school year. Hoping that the students would forget the issue over the summer, the administration ignored the complaint. But the students, incensed at the level of discrimination they witnessed at the hands of the Sir George Williams Administration, and inspired by the Congress, pursued their case more vigorously.

On February 11, negotiations between the students and the university administration to end the occupation and resolve the accusations of racism broke down. Subsequently, the police stormed the computer room, arresting the protesters. By then a large crowd had gathered outside. Many of them, tired of the whole affair, saw the black students as rabble-rousers and provocateurs. Appalled at the sight of smoke emerging from the computer room, and assuming that it was the students who had set the room on fire, some of the white on-lookers began to chant "Let the Niggers Burn!" - ignoring the fact that more than half of the student occupants were not black but a mixed lot who saw the need

to align themselves with the black students.

By this time, the occupation was no longer confined to Sir George Williams. Students from other universities and civilians had joined the protests. Throughout the Caribbean and other parts of the world people protested as news of the treachery of the Sir George administration and its ill-treatment of the students spread. When the police manoeuvre became public knowledge hundreds of people in Montréal began demonstrating in support of the students.

Ninety-seven people were arrested for their role in the Sir George Williams Affair (the forty-two blacks arrested in the room were divided from the white students and locked up in separate prison cells). Others were expelled from school, deported, or fled the country fearing persecution. But their efforts were not in vain.

The consequences of the Sir George Williams affair

The events of this period amounted to "a social thunder-clap," according to the late St. Vincent's-born politico and Congress organizer, Alfie Roberts, "because it announced loud and clear to the whole society that black people were here."

Though influenced by the actions of blacks in the United States during the Civil Rights/Black Power Movement and the general spirit of protest throughout the world, the events in Montréal were a natural, autochthonous response to the changing needs of Montréal blacks. To quote dub poet Linton Kwesi Johnson, "the bile of oppression was vomited" as dormant energies were unleashed and the consciousness of blacks reached a new pitch - partly symbolized by supplanting the term "black" in lieu of "negro" and "coloured."

Moreover, as Roberts suggests, the Sir George Williams Affair provided important lessons for himself, the students, and

anyone else who cared to take notice. For one, the occupation demonstrated some of the limitations of such activity. As Roberts remarked, the students were like "sitting ducks" in the computer room. The police, with ease, were able to carry out their assault on the occupants of the computer room and round up the students. This gave the authorities the ability to strike when they saw fit. Nonetheless, the occupation made a strong point: black people were not willing to lie low in the face of oppression and discrimination.

On the other hand, for Roberts, who was actively involved in the affair (for example, it was Roberts who drafted the letter on behalf of the students to the administration's Hearing Committee) the experience confirmed C.L.R. James' views on the self-organization of people.

James, a writer, historian, politico and speaker at the 1968 Congress, held strongly to the belief that people do not need a fettering, overarching bureaucratic machine to point the way forward for them but that, given the right circumstances, they can organize themselves.

The occupants had organized themselves in the computer room, some doing security at the door, others taking care of food, while others monitored the computer to ensure it was kept in pristine working order. Furthermore, when the police manoeuvre became public knowledge, not only did hundreds of students begin demonstrating in support of the protesting students but, seemingly out of nowhere, people lined up to demonstrate their support and contribute to a legal fund for the students. Roberts also took note of how professors and others visitors to the computer room submitted to the authority of the students during the occupation, presenting identification to the students before entering the room. For Roberts and anyone else who had been following James' views on self-organiza-

tion closely, these events made flesh of what James had been saying all along.

The Conference Committee on West Indian Affairs, the Congress of Black Writers, the Sir George Williams Affair, and other events of that period were all part of the dialectical development of Montréal's black community. Sublated experiences of the past, often contradictory in their nature and both positive and negative, became the raw material for the present and future as Montréal's black population engaged in the process of forging a new community for themselves and a new society on the whole. The events were like a knot in the brain, as Hegel once described it, a sign-post pointing the direction forward for blacks in this city and infecting the whole society along the way.

New groups and organizations were created and older ones resuscitated in order to meet the growing, everchanging needs of Montréal's growing black population. Contemporary groups such as the Cote des Neiges Black Community Association, the Black Coalition of Québec, the N.D.G. Black Community Centre, the Black Community Association of Lasalle, the Québec Black Board of Educators, Black Is (a television program), The Black Study Centre, and a host of community schools and social groups were all created in the aftermath of the Congress and the Sir George Williams Affair.

Québec's social agenda

Today in Québec, high unemployment, poverty, ill health, poor education, and social and psychological despair (Québec's suicide ranks amongst the highest in world) are a fact of life.

The provincial government, however, has produced no tangible program to confront these social facts. "The nation is passed over for the race, and the tribe is preferred to the state," as Franz Fanon once put it. "They mobi-

lize the people with slogans of independence, and for the rest leave it to future events. When such parties are questioned on the economic program they are clamoring for, or on the nature of the regime which they propose to install, they are incapable of replying."

The government of Québec has put forward nothing to illustrate how independence would improve the appalling social conditions that afflict people living in this province or how their policies differ from those of the federal government - a government that is in the process dismantling Canada's social programs with alarming speed at a time when Canada's economic future is becoming increasingly uncertain. Moreover, the Québec provincial government has not demonstrated a genuine commitment to work to meet the needs of all of its inhabitants and not only those of its own tribe - those of wealthy, French origin.

The needs of Montréal's black community

Since the sixties and seventies, thousands of blacks have migrated to Toronto and other cities in Canada in search of employment prospects and to escape a xenophobic and increasingly hostile political climate. A climate typified by Jacques Parizeau's comments about "money and the ethnic vote."

If there is one example that characterizes the changes that Québec, and Montréal in particular, have gone through, it is the change in the proportion of francophone to anglophone blacks in Montréal. Today, francophones (those whose first European language is French) comprise more than half of Montréal's black population. Many of them, slightly more integrated into what has become an increasingly francophone society, voted in favor of Québec separation. Parizeau's comments served as a rude reminder to those blacks who felt that the

Nisga'a Treaty Introduced to B.C. Legislature

by Mary Vallis

Forget

VICTORIA (CUP) - The walls of the British Columbia legislature shook like never before as a new political spirit greeted the opening of a special session Monday.

Traditional Nisga'a songs and thunderous drum beats echoed through the building's corridors as more than 200 Nisga'a people celebrated the introduction of Bill 51 to the legislature.

The Nisga'a first traveled the 1,000 kilometres from northwestern B.C. to Victoria by canoe to meet with the province's premier 111 years ago. They came to discuss their land claim but were

turned away by then premier William Smythe.

On Monday, however, the ceremonial gates of the legislature swung open and welcomed the Nisga'a, who in turn presented the members of provincial parliament with a symbolic canoe.

"We're back," said Nisga'a chief Joseph Gosnell, before turning to climb the steps of the building with B.C. Premier Glen Clark. "This time we're going to be heard."

The legislative session was called specifically to debate and

ratify the long-awaited Nisga'a treaty.

While the bill was introduced amid optimism Monday, it must still be formally debated and then voted on. If passed, the bill will give the First Nations community about 2,000 square kilometres of land, the right to self-government and a cash settlement worth nearly \$500 million.

More than 20 years in the making, the treaty was ratified by members of the Nisga'a nation in a referendum vote last month. The agreement still awaits formal approval from the provincial and federal governments.

Gordon Campbell, Liberal Party opposition leader, reiterated his position against the treaty Monday, although he still expressed support for the agreement's intentions.

"We share a goal, but we differ on the path to achieve it," said Campbell, who is calling for a public referendum on the treaty through a Supreme Court challenge.

"Can we dare to disagree and yet respect one another?" he asked.

Progressive Democratic Alliance leader Gordon Wilson defended the deal.

"Of those who oppose this agreement, I ask two questions: if not this agreement, what agreement?" he asked the house.

"And if not now, when? (The treaty) gives them face, it gives them equality, and it allows them to be equal partners in British Columbia, and that must be a good thing, not a bad thing."

Meanwhile, Clark - who sees the treaty as an important step toward reconnecting with B.C. First Nations people - was confident the house will pass the treaty.

But given Campbell's remarks against the treaty Monday, he acknowledged the necessary votes may be hard to come by.

"If you look behind the words, you see this as a tough fight ahead of us," he said outside the house.

Clark is also confident the Supreme Court will rule in his favor on the question of whether the agreement should be voted on in a public referendum.

"The treaty says right at the beginning on page eight that it's not a constitutional amendment, and everybody agrees," said Clark, noting only constitutional amendments require referendum votes.

Ontario Consumers Will Soon Have Choice of "Green" Power

by Craig Saunders

TORONTO (CUP) - Consumers across Ontario will soon have the option of choosing environmentally-safe power under the government's decision to break up Ontario Hydro's monopoly on electricity in the province.

Once the gates to competition are opened, individual consumers will be able to choose their own power source and for the first time, "green" power will be one of their options.

"The elimination of (Ontario) Hydro's monopoly allows for other forms of generation to develop," said Rick Jennings, director of energy policy with the Ministry of Energy.

"For the first time, green power producers will be on an equal footing with conventional generators."

Some of the logistics of green power were spelled out at a two-day energy and environment conference held in Toronto last week.

The province could produce up to 2000 megawatts from a small hydraulic, 6000 megawatts from wind and 9000 megawatts from industrial cogeneration, Jennings told the Environment and Energy Conference of Ontario.

Ontario Hydro was at the conference to promote examples of its own green power projects, including a plan to generate electricity from the gas that comes off a garbage dump and a free-flow hydro-electric plant, powered by the natural flow of the river.

But while the picture painted by ministry representatives and other conference participants was rosy, others have doubts deregulation will prompt consumers to choose green power over the nuclear and coal monoliths of the

past.

"This (deregulation trend) has not been driven by environmental objectives anywhere in the world, except Norway," Marion Fraser, a Consumers Gas representative, told the conference.

"Environmental enhancements are possible, but not automatic," she said of deregulation of hydro.

Peter Love, of the conservation group Pollution Probe, agrees deregulation alone will not lead the way to an environmentally-friendly industry.

He says the province should pursue the Three E's: Energy efficiency, Energy from renewables and Emission reductions.

The provincial government should start some sort of fund to support energy conservation and green power, he told the conference. For example, a small charge could be applied to electricity bills tied to usage.

Such a fund could prove very important for Ontario and Canada.

Last year, Ottawa signed an agreement in Kyoto, Japan, which requires Canada to reduce its greenhouse gas emissions by six per cent.

However, if the economy continues to grow as it has in recent years, practices will have to change to meet the equivalent of a 25 per cent reduction.

Given the significant role energy use in Ontario plays in Canada's production of greenhouse gases, environmentalists have their fingers crossed that, come deregulation, green power will be embraced by many as a viable alternative.

White Ribbon Group Plans Dances To Raise Awareness and Funds

by Patrick Kerkhoven

(CUP) - The first nation-wide dance party to raise awareness about violence against women will take place on Thursday.

Organized by members of the White Ribbon Campaign - which is dedicated to ending male violence against women - the dances will take place in Montreal and Vancouver to raise funds for various women's groups across the country.

Called Namaste, the dances are meant to attract younger men to the movement against male violence.

"Namaste is an Eastern word meaning peace within," said Bob Salomon, 27, a member of the White Ribbon Campaign board of directors.

"There is work to be done with people our age. The Namaste dance event is a hands-on approach to targeting this important demographic."

Formed in 1991 in response

to the Dec. 6, 1989 massacre of 14 women at the École Polytechnique in Montreal, the White Ribbon Campaign is one of the largest registered charities in the world of men dedicated to ending violence against women.

Relying on volunteer support and financial contributions from individuals and companies, a handful of men from Quebec and Ontario decided that violence against women wasn't just a women's issue.

The group encourages men to wear white ribbons as a symbol of their opposition to male violence against women.

"We want to help foster a violence-free society for women," says group publicist Eva Jando.

This year, the group hopes to raise between \$50,000 and \$75,000. If the dance fundraisers are successful, the group may expand them into New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco next year.

French language was enough to secure their place in this society. One can only hope that this realization will help to foster stronger links between anglophone and francophone blacks who, as a result of geography (a large concentration of Montréal's francophone blacks live in the east and north ends of Montréal whereas the bulk of the anglophone blacks live in the west and south ends) and language, often find themselves divided.

There is also a dire need for more effective organizations capable of meeting the new challenges as the existing ones have become petrified. What were once dynamic, active bodies are today, in many cases, mummified caricatures of their former selves, rudderless and wanting in vision and perspective. Caught up in the competitive web of procuring government funding and hampered by meager resources, they, for the most part, often find themselves removed and detached from the communities they purport to serve and unfit to meet the changing needs of their constituents, both English and French-speaking.

The Congress of Black Writers symbolizes is but a moment in world history. But, today, when so many seem to be demoralized and despairing in the prospects for change, the Congress and that period of history in Montréal, provides an excellent example of how, even when obstacles in our path appear to be insurmountable, when we feel the most demoralized and degraded, that people can make history and bring about change.

But it is precisely when times are most trying that we need to re-evaluate our conditions, seek new means of moving forward, and begin to take history in our own hands. Again, to quote poet Linton Kwesi Johnson, "Sometime di pungent owedah af decay signal seh bran newlife deh pan di way."

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SNFU: Energy, Imagination, and Flames.

by Closetpunk

Flaming swords, dismembered dolls, and punk rock—who besides Vancouver's SNFU could bring the three together so perfectly? Nobody. The legendary punk outfit proved as much on Monday, when they brought their upbeat brand of punk to FoufoUnes Electrique.

If you've never had a chance to check these guys out live, you're missing out. They've been voted the best live act in numerous skater mags and music festivals, often edging out the likes of Fugazi and Gwar. What's all the hype about? Energy, aggression, humour, acrobatics, and, well, fire. The lead singer, Mr. Chi Pig is famous for his bag o' tricks, which includes masks, puppets, water pistols, and ungodly amounts of lighter fluid. Combining these visual aids with soaring melodies, witty lyrics, punchy guitar riffs, and hectic drumming is what SNFU's all about. Monday was no exception, with Pig as the undisputed centre of attention, blending childlike energy and a twisted sense of humour. He directed the band with a conductor's wand. He stood on his head. He lit stuff on fire. And most importantly, he belted out the vocals in his trademark punk tenor like no one else can.

SNFU sent the crowd into a frenzy with the opening riff of the classic "Loser at Life / Loser at Death". From there, they moved on to a mix of new material like "Better than Eddie Vedder", and old stuff like "Cannibal Cafe" to keep us punk dinosaurs happy. As usual, the lyrics were both

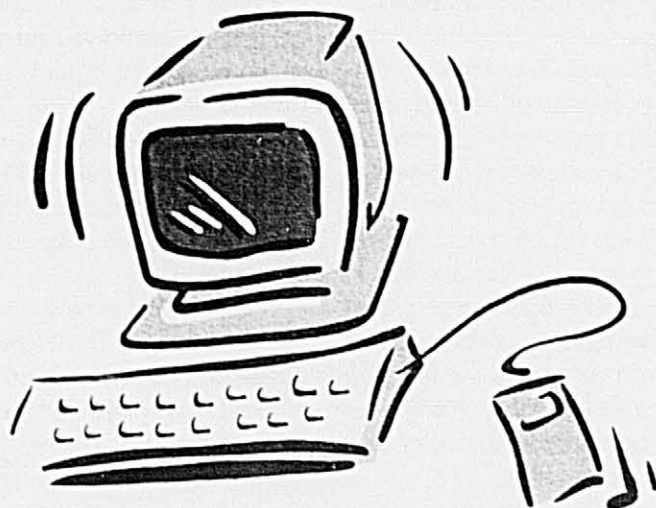
clever and outrageous, ranging in subject matter from cannibalism to having thumbs that are too big. The whole set was tight, as you'd expect from a group that's been around so freakin' long.

It seems pretty crazy that SNFU has been at it for over fifteen years, and still put on such an action-packed show. Unlike some other older punk bands, an SNFU concert doesn't make you feel like you're watching your dad and some of his drinking buddies try to pull off a punk rock show. Rather than becoming sad caricatures of themselves and relying on old material, SNFU seems to be constantly evolving to keep their sound as fresh as any of the newer skate-punk bands. The proof is in the crowds they draw—I mean, most of the kids there on Monday were in diapers when SNFU formed at a skate park in Edmonton in the early 80s.

On a less sickeningly positive note, I'd like to say thanks to the prick on the upper terrace who poured his jug of beer on the heads of those of us in the mosh pit. Much appreciated. And thanks to the opening bands for proving, once again, that the music world has too many Pantera and Deftones clones. (Yawn.)

To close off, I'll level with ya: I'm not a big fan of SNFU's recorded stuff, but their live shows are a different story. So if you're down with punk and missed them this time around, then you gotta check them out the next time they swing by, chump.

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First there was the Word. This was not particularly surprising to anybody. Then, the Word was made Flesh, and things got a little hairy.

A couple millennia passed, and the Word went Hollywood. Everything goes Hollywood eventually. Today, the Word is available in videocassette form and can be rented from your local Blockbuster. Ain't modernity grand?

When I was sixteen years old, my friends and I used to play this game in the smoky holes and hula-hoop haunts of Hamilton, Ontario while waiting for bands to warm up. The idea of the game was to match up two individuals and guess who would win in a fist fight between them. This often strayed to the absurd - I remember Danny Hayes suggesting a bout between George "The Animal" Steele and a swimming pool full of hot toilet paper. Anyway, one particular night, I proposed a somber question: Mahatma Gandhi vs. Jesus Christ.

The answer? Jesus. Quoth Annie Sutton: "He's the son of God, Guy."

These are some of the quixotic things that happen in Hamilton Ontario, a steeltown about as far from the Holy Land as you can get on this planet.

I first got interested in Jesus movies around the same time as the Word was making its way from Betamax to VHS. The depiction of Christ in cinema is as varied a plethora as the many identities of the Wu-tang clan, and it don't take no killer bee or Papal bull to tell you these movies are always hot potatoes. In recognition of the most celebrated birthday in history, here's the short short list of some of the noteworthy Jesus movies you'll find on analog home entertainment. I won't guarantee any kind of li-

turgical correctness for any of them, but I'll guarantee they're all damn good movies:

King of Kings (1961) Director: Nicholas Ray

Here's the coolest one. Nick Ray, famous for *Rebel Without a Cause* and not much else, is one of the most strangely appropriate filmmakers to deal with the Word. The film covers the 33 years from womb to tomb, but doesn't harp too much on the conception jazz. Jeffrey Hunter's portrayal of the wacky old messiah is serene and endearing. Orson Welles provides the narration with as much gusto as he did reading *The War of the Worlds* to paranoid Americans, or for that matter with the same sense of doom as he would later give the voice of Unicron in *Transformers the Movie*. Robert Ryan (*The Dirty Dozen*, *Battle of the Bulge*) is really fantastic as John. All in all, a comparatively economical 2.5 hours of classical Hollywood epic-ism, with a nice tight structure and some really empathetic characters. As tender and socially conscious a film as was possible before the advent of Liberation theology.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. (1964) Director: Pier Paolo Pasolini

Regarded by most critics as the definitive treatment of the subject, Pasolini's movie is unconventional in its use of non-actors and semi-documentational style. Dedicated to Pope John XXIII and made with some of the ideas of Vatican II in mind, Pasolini's movie won the Special Jury Prize at the Venice film festival in '64. The really great thing about this one is the music. Beethoven, Prokofiev, Bach and Mozart as well as Odetta's *Sometimes I feel Like a Motherless Child* make for a fascinating

aural landscape in this treatment, and to my mind a much more affecting one than boring modernizations like *Godspell* or *Jesus Christ Superstar*. This is the sucker to watch for people who spend a lot of time feeling marginalized: Pasolini was not only a homosexual Marxist, but also an atheist. I Bet Pope John loved that.

Jesus of Nazareth (1976) Director: Franco Zeffirelli.

This is the three cassette long grand-daddy of them all. *J of N* is clearly the horse to beat for any new Jesus movies that might crop up in our life time. Zeffirelli has made a nice, steady, textually grounded film with this puppy and memorable performances are delivered all around. The good points are too numerous to name. In essence, this is the most affecting of all the Jesus movies I've seen in my life, and I rent it every couple of years to chastise my dissolute lifestyle. I really feel for the poor guy, all out there and dying for the good of humanity and all. It's sad and inspiring at once.

The Last Temptation of Christ (1988) Director: Martin Scorsese.

Scorsese's movie, based on Nikos Kazantzakis's creative treatment of the Gospel, is of course controversial. The trick with Jesus has always been to mitigate the "divine" side of him with the "human" side. Willem Dafoe's portrayal is deeply based on the human aspect, and the implications of such frailties and doubts are well examined by this unique work of derivative creativity. Dafoe delivers a performance like many of his others: he is weak and hard to believe in the beginning, but by the end you want to impress your company

(continued on page 19)

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Culture at our Fingertips

BAGNE COMES TO MONTRÉAL

by Jordan MacInnis

Every dance piece tells a story before it even gets to the stage — the story, that is, of its own creation. When I sat down this week to speak to Jeff Hall, one of the creators of *Bagne*, and Sarah Williams, one of two dancers that will perform it, we discussed how a dance piece comes into existence, a process that the actual performance rarely betrays.

Jeff Hall and Pierre-Paul Savoie created *Bagne* in 1993, and it had its world premiere in Edmonton, Alberta that year. Hall and Savoie have performed it about 75 times, taking it on tour throughout Canada, the US and Europe. When they thought *Bagne*'s touring days were over, one of their co-producers came up with idea of redoing the piece with an all-female cast. Two women were taking over a show created for two men. Redoing *Bagne*, Jeff Hall told me, seemed to be a chance to test the theme's universality.

I began by asking them how they thought the piece changed

when two women took over the main roles.

JH: The process of working with the women has been quite rewarding. I think the piece has grown because of them.

SW: I think it's because two different people have been added that it changes, not because it's two women. The piece would change even if you replaced it with two other men. There are certain physical things that had to change, size-wise and strength-wise, because we are female but not a lot. I think women have an equally violent side to them and an equally tender side. Certainly society expects the reverse: more violence from men and more tenderness from women. Since this show has both ends of the spectrum I think it's just the way that you see it that will make it different, certain things might arise that are not expected from a woman.

Daily: Can you describe the piece for us?

SW: Even though the set looks like a prison, it also has to do with



prisons that we choose personally or inherit involuntarily. This includes internal as well as external prisons.

JH: That's about it, the piece is about external and internal prisons with the two dancers in a cage which represents an actual physical structure. This creates the sense of physically-driven theatre.

Daily: Did it begin with the

concept of a prison?

JH: No, not necessarily a prison per se. The piece was based on the fact that we wanted to work with architecture, and the architecture that we ended up building was this cage. We needed doors and a certain support system. But once we started working and discovered all the themes that came with that — there were maybe three other themes that also came out of the structure — we just edited and fine-tuned them. We started doing more and more research on prisons, external and internal, and came in every day. That's what was driving us more than anything else.

We had an idea for an ending, and we had an idea for a beginning. What went on in the middle was what we spent the time looking for, we went and researched all these areas and the elements that present themselves today are the result of that research.

Daily: Does the piece combine

any other art forms besides dance? Or do you consider it to be a pure dance piece?

SH: Theatre-dance is kind of a wide area; it's got a big spectrum, but this is not a pure dance piece. The fact that we put a set in there has other implications because it situates you in a particular space. To me, when you look at the set it becomes visual art as well.

JH: Dance's theatrical elements are not based only on choreography. For a choreographer it's based on the emotions. The emotions of each section create the movement and that leads into the physical theatre or the live art world of it all. If someone is coming to see a piece about movement, this is heavy physical movement that is violent and tender, encompassing a large spectrum.

For those who abhor dance, it can really attract people to the love of movement for movement's sake. Sometimes dance in its pure form, as any pure form of art can do, can lose an audience and can

(continued on page 19)

Searching For An End To The Violence

16 DAYS UNITES MEN AGAINST VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN

by Le'Nise Brothers

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights.

—Article one of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights

Fifty years after the Universal Declaration of Human Rights was written, one half of the population still does not have equal dignity or equal rights. There are significant problems still facing women throughout the world, one of those being violence.

The problem of gender violence in our world also highlights the problem of power — who has it and who doesn't. Clearly, in many parts of the globe, women are kept from positions of power, which makes them prey to the controlling hands of men. Even today there are societies in which women are completely subservient to the needs of men.

In response to this and the many other incidences of violence against women throughout the world, from November 25 to

December 10, sixteen days of activism against gender violence are taking place as a part of the Global Campaign for Women's Human Rights.

Initially, the first 16 Days in 1991 was co-ordinated by the Center for Women's Global Leadership with participants from the first Women's Global Leadership Institute. Now, it is co-ordinated by the International Women's Tribune Centre, which operates out of New York City.

Sixteen Days highlights four significant dates. The first is the International Day Against Violence Against Women. It falls on November 25 and commemorates the Mirabal sisters who were brutally murdered by the Trujillo dictatorship in the Dominican Republic in 1960. Next, December 1 is World AIDS Day. Locally, this Sunday, December 6 marks the anniversary of the Montreal Massacre, when Marc Lapine gunned down fourteen female engineering students at

the University of Montréal for "being feminists." Finally, on December 10, 1948, governments throughout the world acknowledged the rights all humans have to "life, liberty and the security of person...without distinction of any kind," as they signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

In other parts of the world, the sixteen days of activism are focusing on specific problems each region faces. For example, in the Philippines, the campaign is working against the problems of child prostitution, trafficking of women and abuse of its foreign workers. In Croatia, candlelight vigils are being held to address the four main problems Croatian women have: violence, discrimination, health and education.

From a Canadian perspective, the White Ribbon campaign started in 1991 is the largest effort in the world made by men working to end violence against women. The campaign

organizers believe that, although most men are not violent against women, most men have been silent about the violence that does occur. It therefore is the obligation of men to break down barriers which have created a ring of silence around the topic.

This campaign believes that it is critical for all good and caring men to speak out against the violence, and for all men to think about behaviour and attitudes. Central to the campaign is the belief that all men should take some responsibility for helping bring violence against women to an end.

The white ribbon is meant to be a catalyst for conversation and above all, a thought-provoker that brings change in attitude and behaviour.

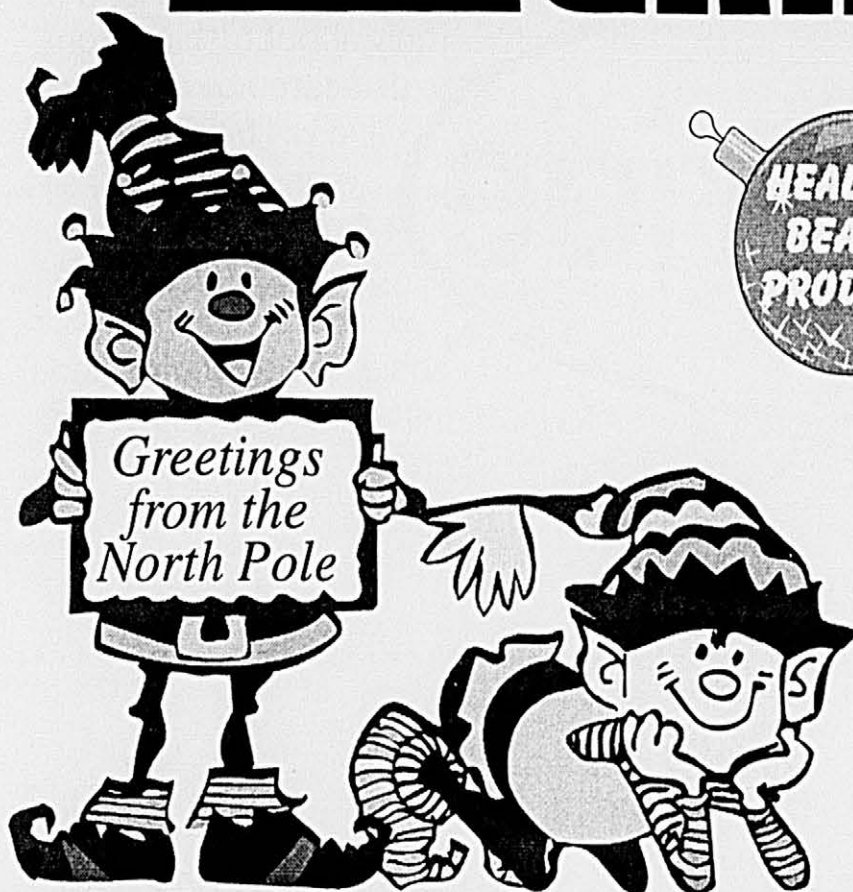
"Power is the most important element in the way people interact with one another, and when one person has a significantly higher level of power than another and it is abused, then that

indicates a problem," commented Liz Fox, a U1 Anthropology student.

A prime example of the problem that power creates is reflected in cases of rape. Sex is power, but when a woman walks down the street, dressed in a so-called provocative manner, does she ask to be raped? Shouldn't a woman be able to walk alone at night without being an obvious target for attack?

Essentially, attitudes about power between males and females need to be changed. The contrast between men and women on the subject of power is something that has existed throughout the ages and it is only now that women are starting to make strides towards an equality of relations. The 16 Days indicate a worldwide step in this direction not only by women, but by men as well. Putting a stop to senseless violence and breaking down gender barriers should be a priority for all of us, male and female.

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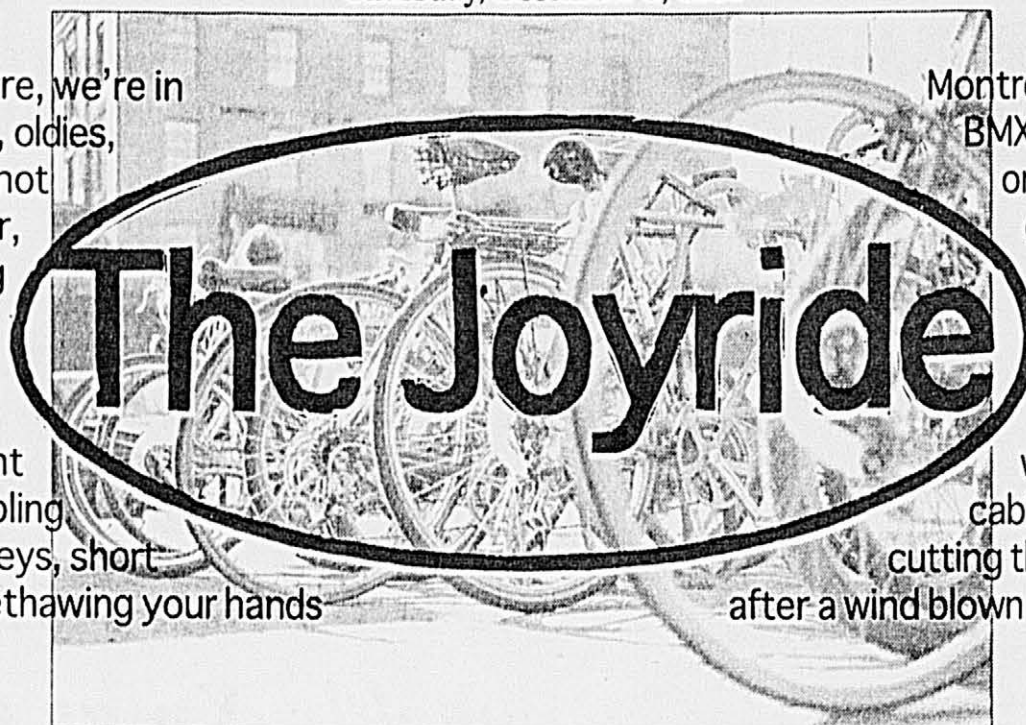
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PROFILE: JEN RASO - VICTIM

by Kenzie Burchell

Kenzie Burchell: Can you tell me about the bike you have now?

Jen Raso: The one I have now? More like the one I used to have. The one that got stolen viciously from the front of my house

Well my story begins at Root Home Hardware. I had saved up a lot of money, which was 250\$ for me, and I went and bought my self a bike from their annual spring bike sale. I was so excited. I got one that had those grip shifts, it was all black, had a really neat brake system...and the handle bars that had the little attachments on the side

KB: "My small town bike was wrenched and abducted, ripped away from its resting place and all that was left were two broken chains"

I never named my bike. It's like the stuffed bear that I've had for as long as I can remember. I puked on it when I was sick and gave it several operations because it was so ratty. It doesn't have a name. None of my favourite things were given names, so neither did my bike. That proves it was a big part of my life.

KB: How did the assault happen?

JR: When I came to Montréal, I chained it up to the little pole outside my apartment...and within a week it was stolen, I had even bought a special lock, hey I knew I was moving to the 'big city' (she says with bitterly ironic sarcasm), back home my old crappy lock worked all the time, nobody ever thought of stealing my bike, but alas in the dark corners of Montréal, they cut through that lock, picked the other, snatching it from right in front of my home(sniffle).

Now whenever I see bikes, which is all the time, I jump, and wonder, is that my bike? I would know, you know. For a time I would look at every bike, now I only do once in while, but it's never my baby.

KB: How do you feel when you see other bikes?

JR: I am so envious when I see other people on their own bikes, people have even offered me theirs, but I don't want them...I WANT MINE...but I am too hurt to take any new bikes into my life right now...I can't handle that...I've still got a spot in my heart for my old black bike...I only had it for two months...it was so young, so vulnerable, they stole her from me....

KB: What did you do when you saw your bike was gone?

See, I never even got to ride her in Montréal, I came on Monday, by Friday it was stolen, I was in such shock that I ran up- stairs, burst out crying and called my dad, his only response was "I knew yours would be the first to go!" That was the day before I met you, the day my

whole world started to fall apart. Its innocence was stolen, now it's probably some hardcore street bike riding down some steep stairs somewhere...."



PROFILE: LISA PALMER - ADVENTURER

by Kenzie Burchell

"We'd bike down the rail trail, it's probably about 40km, we don't go the whole way!"

Lisa Palmer: It was quite old, I've had it for four years. The big thing is I've always lived in the country, because of this my bike is essential, if it weren't for my bike, I'd be stranded. I only had two feet and two wheels, two wheels is faster. My parents were pretty tight with the mileage, you don't have to mention that

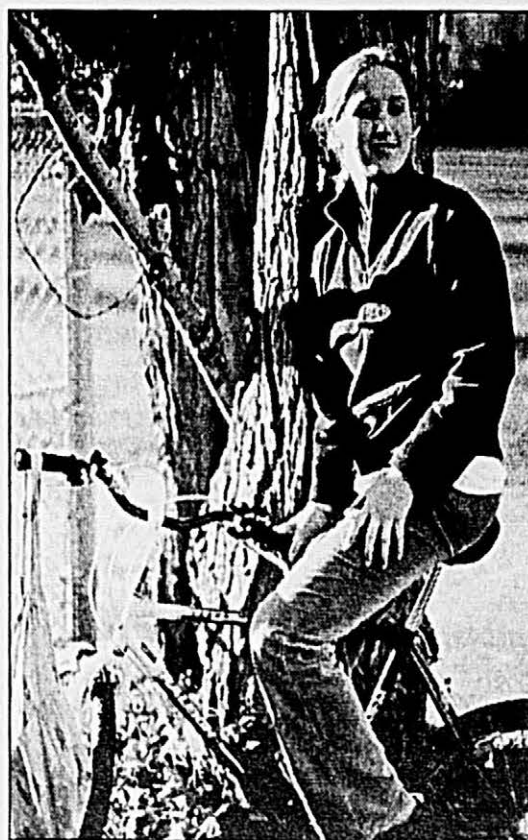
Kenzie Burchell: not a problem

LP: Yeah, 'it's for health' I'd convince myself, it was 1 1/2 km to the country, uphill all the way...

KB: (questioning look)

LP: no really, well, not both ways. It was so much fun on the way back.

LP: Coming into the city, it's a scary thing.



KB: (chuckle)

LP: No really, I was so scared. Here I consider myself a pedestrian, I ride on the sidewalk! (She smacks my knee excitedly)

KB: Ow!

LP: I have a bell on my bike and everything. It's the only way people will hear me, I ring my bell and the little people on the sidewalk scurry out they way.

(quite proud of herself, and so should she be, it's a nice bell, I saw it.) It's a warped little bell and has been on three bikes. The first one was my banana bike, my dad...don't put this!

KB: no problem

LP: No don't, really.

KB: Of course, you can trust me.

LP: Well, he tied all these little streamers to it. I am so sad one of her back tires is getting flat.

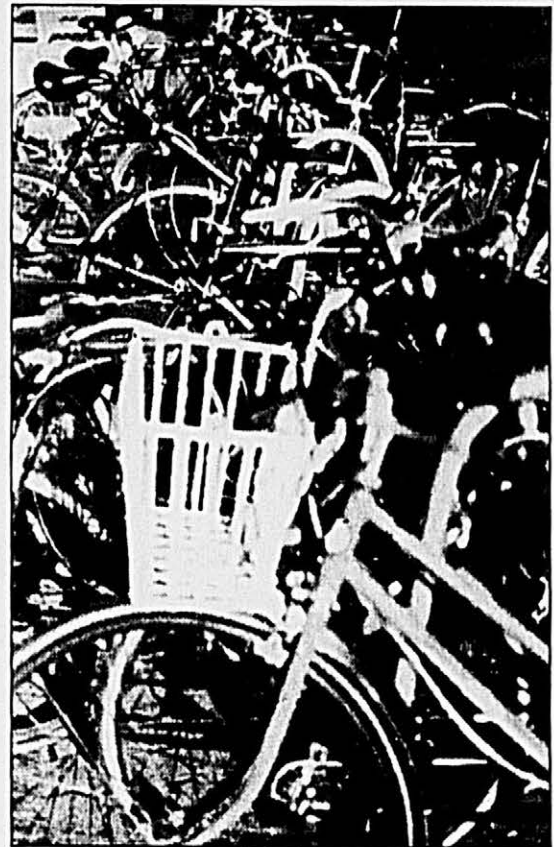
I try to go biking once a week but it's getting a little chilly. I really hope it is warm tomorrow. Sometimes, while going down University, my eyes just freeze, the hills are a challenge...they were a challenge. You Know What? My bum is sore from riding all weekend.

KB: How do you feel about biking in Montréal?

The city is so different. I'm a little nervous about locking it up. Back home the dude from the corner store would watch it for you, now they'll probably read this article, look at the picture - 'Oh let's find her, and steal the bike!' I even had little accident, spilled onto the curb, people passing by didn't even stop, I was under my bike! They gave a glance and muttered "Let's go to dinner."

The Oddities of a Bicycle's Evolution

Our hero begins in 1690, as crude two wheel wooden beam, this "celerifere" had no handle bar or pedals, why would it? From France it traveled to Germany 120 years later, known only as the "draisine" it had grown a steering device of sorts. In England, under the alias of "the hobby horse" it coddled its riders with an adjustable seat. It wasn't until it returned home to France in the 1855 that it sprouted a pedal system. Under the glorious title "boneshaker" our bicycle was ready for the world. Early this century, shedding its past identities, the bicycle took a serious blow. In the shadow of motorcycles and automobiles, it was shunned until the 70s and 80s where token terms like "environment," "mileage," "cholesterol" and "participation" thrust it into the limelight.-KB.



all photos by Kenzie Burchell

The composed and tranquil clicking of papa's bicycle is the most comforting memory of childhood. Followed each time as he bellows to us from

To think that's what a bike once brought the world...how disturbing!

"I'm late...oh gawd am I late!" is the screaming thought each time a crowd of giddy pedestrians steps in front of you. Like the grating of your rusted chain, your calves are burning and wind wrenches each tear across your brow. You skip onto the sidewalk to avoid the screeching car sliding in front of you. "Argh!" That was pain thrusting its way through your grinding teeth; your front tire didn't quite clear the curb. Through the park. Watch out for the stroller! With a dizzying jostle down the stairs, you rejoin the daunting race of traffic: The perfect time to realize your front tire is loose...oh no....CAR DOOR!

across the pasture, old Mr. Whittaker would throw his head back in a jovial laughter as all the children ran circles around the bike. With me in my dungarees and little Susie in her bonnet we would chase papa with such merriment. That bicycle made us happy as larks.

Jack is it. The epitome of the devoted biker. Jack is the mad three-wheeled cyclist who rages through campus twice a day at full speed. You know him. The blur of a long grey beard, a blue bandana tied tightly around his head, and a black biker jacket. He took off his dark Harley Davidson sun glasses to talk to me about him, his bikes, and freedom.

Julia Dault: What does your bike mean to you?

Jack: My bike is my freedom babe. Ever since "the accident," my legs haven't worked, I can't walk. The doctors told me I would have to be in a wheel chair for the rest of my life, I bought a bike. My bike is always with me, it has to be.

JD: With the cold weather coming, are you worried about getting around?

Jack: Hell no honey, I've been braving the Montréal winter since the sixties. Once you're outside with a bike, you have no choice, you somehow have to get yourself back home.

JD: Any secrets?

Jack: Well, you gotta be ready. See, this ol' girl here, she's got thin tires, no brake in the back, she's

my summer wheels. It's almost time to bring out my winter ride, good brakes, heavy duty tires.

JD: Are you ever worried about your safety?

Jack: Yeah. That's why I ride on the sidewalk. I'm handicapped, that's what I tell them cops when they give me a \$115.00 ticket. They don't care though.

JD: Do you ever name your bikes?

Jack: This one here's name is Harley Pedalson (Jack points to the various Harley pins on the lapels of his worn leather jacket)

I never had a bike with a motor 'n all like this one here, I got the ear pierce instead, back in 1967. There used to be a jewelry store on the corner of Ste. Catherine and Guy, where that big ol' Second Cup is now. I always liked pedalling by, one day, I went in.

JD: What's the best thing about your bike?

Jack: Freedom. Good ol' Harley Pedalson will take me anywhere, anytime.

The Theft Theories

Evil trails behind each and every one of our bikes! The Daily pleads you to use the utmost of caution, remember, your little innocent bike is defenseless in barbaric streets.

Here is the top of our most wanted list, a very short list, but still a list:

Suspect #1

"There is an old man on my street, he has very short gray hair and wears dark colours, probably because of his sinister ways!" states bitter eye witness and victim, Jon Raso. He was last seen carrying a bike tire, seat, and other parts. Swinging around a ring of keys and probably hiding a set of pliers in his jacket. I speculate he'd whistle shamelessly as he steals the bicycles of innocent children.

Suspect #2

Be on the look out for a pick-up truck motoring across Montréal, as they are apparently with the police, they are 'removing' bikes which are not locked properly. Good cover guys, keep up the good work!

I told you it was short list.

There is a reason why -KB.

Interview with Felicity and Caroline from my French Class

by Sarah Liss

Meet Felicity and Caroline, friends and classmates in French 127-497A. Although Felicity hails from Jolly Olde England and Caroline calls the West Coast home, these two girls have one thing in common: a love of their bikes. Both bicycles were purchased from the Cafe Lola Rosa, on Milton just east of Lorne, an establishment for which both ladies are overflowing with praise. The owners of the cafe have undertaken a mission to rescue unloved bikes from garage sales all over Montréal, which they sell at extremely reasonable prices for impoverished students (Felicity and Caroline paid between 25 and 35 dollars for theirs). The cafe helps find homes for over 3000 bikes a year, "And they make really good black bean soup!" chimes in Caroline, beaming.

Felicity estimates that her U-Bolt lock alone is worth about half the value of her bike, which is a boy's bike with silver paint peeling off the frame. "It

looks like crap," she says sheepishly. In her cute British accent, but it said it was a Raleigh, and I figured Raleigh was a good brand..." Caroline's bike is silver as well, but it's a girl's model, which she named Arlo, in honour of Arlo Guthrie. The California girl claims she chose this particular bicycle because of the label "North Country" emblazoned across the central bar: "It reminded me of that Bob Dylan song, 'The Girl from the North Country'."

The veteran bikers

offer advice to any novices out there. "Sherbrooke is evil," cautions Caroline, eyes widening in fear, "there are taxis that hunt bikes down." And what do you plan to do, now that it's getting colder, girls? "I'm gonna wear a hat under my helmet and look dorky," grins self-professed "bike dweeb" Felicity. "Well, I feel cool 'cause my helmet says 'Ice'...at least, that's what I thought at Canadian Tire when I was buying it..." Happy trails, girls!



Seeing spots?

Perhaps you've been working too hard?
And you wish it could be on your own work?

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Wordlife

HOMOPHOBIA IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY

by Verda Cook

If the griot is a West African storyteller and historian, the story tumbled off the griot's tongue, right off the stage. It rolled into the crowd and was seized. From the beginning, the audience never intended to be spectators. And if the roles of performer and audience were not clear, it was the crowd who quickly clarified it.

Wordlife: Tales of the Underground Griots is a CD that was launched last Saturday night at Isart. The artists told tales through the loose structures of Hip Hop, Reggae, Dub, Soul and Jazz. The stories, you see, were about being black, and nobody was about to listen passively. As beautiful, melodic and charismatic as the words were, the griots were not granted complete possession. The stories were collective

Mathématique; the first performer, began to recite a fearful future. He rhymed off a Babylon where raves replaced churches, plastic became a naturally occurring material...And then something about transvestites setting the dress code? And 'homosexuals' replacing families?

Sister stepped up to the front. Right in front of the mic. "I'm sorry, I can't support this, I can't sit and listen to this homophobic bullshit..." And the performer, in a pseudo-righteous stance, with patriarchal charisma, defended his right to free speech and creative expression. Plus he reminded us about his disclaimer. Oh right, the poem was introduced as 'controversial', which seems to release him from lyrical responsibility.

And sister repeated "I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't..." her words fighting the poet's smooth defenses, or were they offenses?

Her frantic rage tightened itself 'round my mind, resonating off inner walls. I can't, I can't, I can't...take...thissss... They bounced frantically off tissue, searching release. In a place I thought my sanity was protected. My body froze like the Canadian Shield, preparing itself to take flight, in words or steps.

"Girl, tssssssss, is this shit fo'

reeel? This had to be planned."

"Nah man. Shhhh..." I told my girl.

"This is whack, I want to hit a club".

And then the b-boys on the side of the stage, always ready to rush a free mic, began yelling in syncopation. They bounced, they jeered, they clasped the sides of their hooded heads in disbelief.

"Yo, yo, yo. Let the man speak!"

"The man makes sense".

The performer, feeding off the uproar, made threats to leave. Sister did.

"Nah. Go on, bway".

And one of my friends, in black shades and a tight tub top, agreed. "Ya, let him speak! He can say what he wants."

"Yo. Shhhh."

In the Outside World, I had her back. But tonight, curled deep in a warm corner, surrounded by the people I consider family, we were taking thunderous sides on critical issues. Was it my biz to try to keep her quiet? I don't know. But anyway it didn't work. The venue grew hot with the static of divergent beliefs.

A promoter/performer, an official title which in reality she transcended, leaped up on stage and took another mic. The painful betrayal she felt could have climbed down my throat, crawled for shelter at the bottom of my belly.

"Mick I love you, you know me, you're my boy...how can you? If we are gonna have a Revolution, how are we ever gonna make it, if we can't find unity? Tell me, tell me, how can you, do you, justify your beliefs?"

"Come and justify your beliefs."

"He don't need to justify nuttin'."

Two of my girls got bored. They left me resting against the speaker's vibrations. It was Saturday night and they wanted a party "not no bullshit headaches. Check you lataaa."

Wordlife's composer decided to take control of the chaos that had been his event.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. The performer has the

right, people please. We have to respect the artistic expression of the poets. If we want to have a discussion it should happen another time, right now this is Mick's stage."

"That's right. That's right"

And so Mick was allowed to continue his other pieces. A few people decided to leave, grabbing their coats to face the cold darkness outside. Preferring the silence of the night.

The MC returned in the interlude to introduce the next performer; a symbol of the order that had been restored. An order which the audience had granted the performance. The beat of our hearts began to calm again.

"I was feelin' a little uncomfortable cuz I'm queer." the MC began, with a slight hesitancy, "...but I feel good vibes for the rest of the show..."

So, the stories continued; sliding, falling distances, jerking around corners and drifting away. We laughed at the ironies of social expectations. We found solace in the anger of another woman. We felt more grief than fury at the thought of a child that might one day be ours, a life arrested by an officer of the Law. We licked the bruises our fathers inflicted and the wounds friends discharged on us. We floated far away during the monotony and simplicity of another righteous preacher. We returned constantly to spiritual tranquillity. And winked at the trickster's perpetual luck. The tales were woven with an artistic talent that none of us had ever even questioned.

Black culture, and cultural expression is, to debated amounts, rooted in Africa. But it is equally based on the experience of slavery, emancipation, colonization, poverty and racism. The *Wordlife* griots were lyrically expressing a desire for freedom and self-determination, some in dangerously limited ways. So was the audience. And it is this preoccupation that consolidates a black community.

The above quotes are not actual. They are memories.

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The deadline for receipt of applications is 31 January 1999.

Wherever I lay

DANS LA RUE LENDS A HAND TO THE

by Ayesha Wharton

"I was just asking if you had any spare change." I looked closely at the girl whose unruly hair was tamed by an old hair tie. It was 4 degrees Celsius and she wore no coat. Instead, she fended off frostbite with what appeared to be three layers of old faded cotton. As I searched for the change I had, she explained in broken English that she wanted the money for the metro. "It costs \$1.85 and I already have \$1.50, so.... whatever change you have would be good." I gave her all I had, twenty-five cents.

How many times has this scenario occurred to you? Have you not sometimes asked yourself, I wonder where this person sleeps at night when it is -15 degrees Celsius? It seems like there are more and more people who are forced to turn to the streets for refuge. But how many of them are around my age, or are under the age of 18?

Sabrina Parisien, a social worker at Dans la Rue, a homeless youth shelter in downtown Montreal estimates that there are between 5000 and 10,000 people, ages of 12 to 26, who live on the street. According to Martin Labrecque also of Dans la Rue, most young adults stay out on the street for a maximum of six months. Therefore, this estimate of adolescents on the street is for any given six-month period. The burning question is how do they survive the brutal weather each winter?

I never got the courage up to ask the girl, who could have been no older than 16, what life on the Montreal street is like. I walked away, looking back once, and she was there. I turned back again and she had disappeared. Where did she go, where would you go, if you had nowhere to go? Where would lay my head if I had no home? So much is wrapped up in that four-letter word, a sense of place, of belonging, of possession, of comfort, of peace of mind and general security.

Sharon Michaels of Welcome Hall Mission says that the majority of homeless in Montreal are individuals in financial crisis, persons on drugs, or the mentally disturbed. In her experience she has found that homeless young adults are there because they choose to be, that is, they are there because they have runaway from home.

Yet Martin Labrecque, a youth worker at Dans la Rue, emphasizes that while some choose to be there, others do not have that

option. Some people are kicked out of their homes by abusive parents or guardians. These two divergent opinions are examples of a debate that rages on about the cause of the phenomenon of homeless youth. One view wishes to place responsibility in the hands of the parents or guardian, the other in the hands of child. The reality is that there are thousands of children without food or shelter, and no matter whose fault it is, they must be cared for.

Of all the organizations that help homeless youth in Montreal, Dans la rue caters for the widest range of adolescents-kids ranging from the age of twelve to nineteen years of age. On November 17, the shelter celebrated its tenth anniversary. Dans la Rue opened in November of 1988, with a small van and a lot of hope. Today volunteers still circulate the downtown area five nights a week from 9PM to 3:30AM. They offer food, clothes, toothbrushes, and other essentials, while at the same time, acting as transportation for those in need of emergency medical care. Chez Pops, which is their day centre, offers day and evening courses in computer technology, science, language development, business, arts & crafts, music, and hairstyling to name a few. The day centre is open from twelve noon to eight o'clock at night and caters for persons from the age of 12 to 26.

The Bunker is the emergency shelter of Dans la Rue where minors stay for a period of up to three nights, after which they must wait nine days before they can return. Martin Labrecque, who works at the Bunker says that Dans la Rue has been instrumental in preventing street kids from turning to crime in this way. "We help them find a place to live, sometimes help them to find a job by improving their skills. We aim at making their experience on the street a happier one."

There are many dangers, beyond the weather, which attack the homeless. Labrecque gave a different perspective on what is embodied in street life. He highlighted the fact that the street can be the cradle of those it "rocks," but "on the one hand, it shakes everything in you, opening your very soul and mind to elements that other young people never encounter. On the other hand, it has the potential to hold you and mold you, teaching you independence, solidarity, responsibility and above all respect for others." Labrecque explained,

my Head

HOMELESS YOUTH

"Just as rocking the cradle of a crying baby may initially increase his pitch, but eventually soothe his temperament, so too the street can act as a learning experience for most of the troubled 'babies' it nurtures."

Montréal has another peculiar phenomenon that makes street life extra difficult: is the threat posed by the police. The ironic situation arises from the relationship between the law and the "squeegee kids." Squeegeeing is illegal in Montreal, police officers are forced to give the kids tickets. Dans la Rue, besides being a shelter, has been attempting to give employment alternatives to street youth by organizing work programs.

As it gets colder, shelters like Dans la Rue are experiencing the "Christmas rush" of people. Chez Pops, the day centre, sees approximately 250 adolescents file through everyday. The van feeds approximately 300 people each night it goes out. Many McGill students volunteer with the van, and this past fall, a group of students assisted in painting the Day Centre. Chez Pops is grateful for all the aid it receives, according to Labrecque, and would love to see more participation between the student population and the centre.

As the temperature drops, shelters play an integral role in the survival of the homeless, as one youth expressed, "I'll never forget how it felt to discover that Dans la Rue was there for me."

If you wish to volunteer for Dans la Rue, you can call 526-POPS (7677).



Bagne

(continued from page 12)

also lose those who appreciate movement but aren't necessarily in the know about the technique that's involved. This is an emotional piece and you'd be hard-pressed not to be touched by it one way or another.

Daily: What do you see as the role of modern dance vis-à-vis the other arts?

SH: People have a hard time with modern dance because they don't understand it. I've seen a lot of shows that I don't understand, but I find that it's really a matter of aesthetic taste. But it's hard to develop an audience for modern dance because it feels very unapproachable. Perhaps some things don't need to be figured out and just the pure pleasure of watching and experiencing the visceral quality is enough.

JH: There's a Catch-22 situation for modern dance, because in the past it has been a popular form, and has the ability to be a popular form still. Right now we have individuals who are quite creative and each one of them has their own signature. Someone going to see a piece by a particular choreographer may fall in love with one group and it doesn't necessarily mean that they are going to like any other group. Yet, like any other art form once you find something that catches you, you have to be ready to be open to it. There's not just one signa-

ture out there, and you have to be ready to be curious and willing to go in with an open eye and leave your pre-conceived notions behind.

Daily: Does that ask more of audiences than they are used to?

JH: I think an audience is also looking for that too, because they are a lot smarter than we make them out to be, they have come to see a show after all. But there is also the question of whether or not art is willing to promote itself.

I know people who only want to perform or create and want to have an audience, yet it's not their focus. Others really work hard to gain an audience and to promote themselves. A kind of equilibrium has to exist between those that have a business sense and want to get their work out there and those that don't. You can see the most incredible things in an underground garage that you never seen in Place des Arts. We've both gone to see shows and walk out saying, "well, that did nothing for me."

Imagine that one person who goes to see a show, it doesn't strike him or her, and the person throws dance out the window forever. It's like watching TV, we still channel-flip hoping to find that 10% that we can watch. It's the same thing in the art world and in dance. I live for that 10% because when it hits you it stays with you forever.

Jesus Flicks from the Swamp

(continued from page 10)

with witty remarks about the sophistication of his acting technique. Regardless, this movie profits by Scorsese's magnificent hand, and is worth seeing if only for Harvey Keitel's performance as Judas. Hell, I can't think of a better little toad for the role.

It is a little known fact that Hamilton has the greatest number of Catholics per capita of any major metropolitan Southern Ontario city. Hamilton Catholics take Christmas very seriously. Local legend also has it that Hamilton has the highest number of

donut shops per capita of all North American cities with a population over 200,000 - this has earned the meager metropolis the nickname "Donut Rock City."

These things make possible an ethos in which a Chris Cartner might suggest: "In a fistfight in downtown Ham - Tim Horton vs Jesus Christ. Who do you like?"

To which an Annie Sutton would reply: "Jesus. What the fuck can a hockey player do to the Word made Flesh. Shoot hockey pucks at him?"

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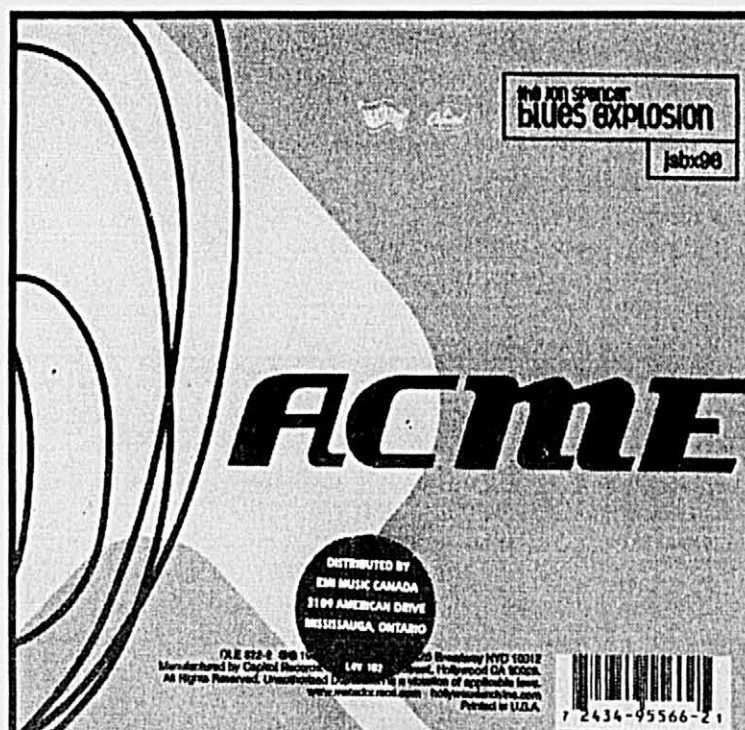
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Creative

The Return: his original edition
Andrew Thomas

chapter one

Mark and Delilah met in chemistry class in December, 1971. They were married the following September. The ceremony was held in the flower garden of her favourite teacher. Delilah wore a lavender cotton dress and a glowing smile and carried a bouquet of carnations. By then Mark knew that his myopia would never allow him to be an officer in the RCMP, he would never be arrayed in red, black, and gold. The coast guard could have afforded him another chance to wear a uniform, manhood promptly conferred by the piece of cloth, but he had never learned how to swim.

Delilah escaped from her stepfather but lost her barn, the place where she had so often found solace. The mares and cows were especially sympathetic to the sad, thin girl who revealed her dreams to them in soothing whispers. *I will be a veterinarian and live in Guelph or maybe on my own farm. He won't be able to hurt me.* They were both hiding, though their dreams had remained too vague to be truly frustrated. Perhaps both sought in the other a kind of authenticity. Their new roles provided this for a time.

Mark stuffed cushions for *Morette's*, the largest company in Hillsburgh, for eighty dollars a week. They rented the second floor of a farmhouse less than a mile from her parent's farm. A child was born in March. They named him Ezra.

chapter two

The young couple bought a used *Grenlin*. Mark lent it to a friend. It was found two weeks later on a deserted sideroad. Delilah wouldn't let Mark speak to his friend again.

chapter three

Their second child, Chris, was born. Roger, Delilah's father, offered Mark a position in his company and they moved to Bramalea. They rented an apartment on the tenth storey of a nonprofit housing complex. Every day Mark and Roger lunched together and Roger ordered a bottle of wine with the meal and cognac following dessert. There was champagne with each new contract.

Then Mark discovered that Roger was evading much of the company's taxes. A bitter dispute with Delilah ensued. They had children to feed, she argued. Mark quit. He found another job, at *Sara Lee*.

There began a protracted battle. "Why are you helping them move again?" she demanded. "We can't afford the gas!" then "We can't afford a hairdresser. I'll cut your hair," or "No more books about the Latin East!"

Ezra swam slowly into this strange, tangled spectacle, into their dimly lit apartment. He watched *Sesame Street* every morning. His mother read him stories; his favourite was *Cinderella*.

chapter four

When Ezra was two Delilah bought a Siamese cat. She named it Lucky. A few months later Lucky bore three kittens that were discovered to be purebred, worth more than twenty dollars each. It was early summer, Lucky nursed them on the balcony.

One afternoon, while Delilah was sorting through her purse, Ezra entered the room and said "Poor kitties." She sprang from the bed and hurried to the balcony. Only Lucky was there; she sat and looked up at Delilah expectantly. She looked over the railing. The kittens were splayed out on the grass below, specks of ivory in a sea of green.

"Are they alive?" she called to a passing youth. He paused, looked at them, looked up, shook his head, continued walking.

chapter five

One night, before Ezra had started school, he and his brother were summoned by their mother's hysterical, desperate voice. They found their parents engaged in a grim perversion of a lovers' chase around the small dining table. A brown splash of tea trickled down the wall behind them. (Later Ezra secretly scrubbed the wall, but the stain had been scalded into the paint.) His father's face was grim—he was a man bent on unleashing his cold fury on another. The children were stricken. Their mother looked so small, their father so powerful.

"Get help!" she screamed. "Call the police!" Panic arrested Ezra. He looked at his brother. Chris was crying, his eyes shut tight in agony. His father stood between him and the only telephone, in the tiny kitchen. Trembling, he began to walk slowly toward the kitchen.

chapter six

His father turned. He pointed to Ezra and his finger shook. "Go back to your room." Ezra quailed, and his mother bolted. His father pursued her to the washroom where she slammed and locked the door. He threw himself against it once, twice. Delilah cried out in terror with each crash. He turned away and glowered at the children. He grabbed his jacket and his keys and left. The door slammed behind him.

The children went to the bathroom door. Delilah was crying.

Ezra knocked softly. "Mom? He's left."

She let them in and locked the door again. She knelt and held them. They could feel her shaking. "We're leaving," she whispered. He'll never hurt us again."

chapter seven

His lunchpail smelled like old plastic and stale bread, like futility. It was an icon that fascinated Ezra.

chapter eight

"Rise and shine." Ezra looked out the window at the grey sky. His mother had a pretty voice. Sometimes she slept in and they missed the bus; on these days he could watch *Starblazers*. The *Yomoto* had been raised from the floor of Tokyo Harbour and modified for space travel. It was on a crusade to save Mother Earth, it had just one year.

Then he and Chris played on the living room floor. His mother drank tea and wrote religious

verse. Or she clanged about in the kitchen. They could hear her; she sang "Goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married." Sometimes she joined in their games. Then the bolt on the front door would click and their hearts would sink . . .

"Why aren't they at school?" he demanded. The children exchanged fearful glances. Delilah appeared and laid the blame on the children. They weren't up in time . . . they said they weren't feeling well . . . they missed the bus. Mark walked up close to where they sat and, towering, looked down at them. His shoes had a white powder caked on them.

Eventually they looked up. "Go to your room," he said in a stern voice.

chapter nine

If one of them had misbehaved Delilah would tell him. Then he would silently enter the room, wooden spoon in hand.

"Come here." Trembling, protesting in whimpers, the offender would force his feet toward his father. "Pull down your pants." At this the child would collapse screaming. Mark would grab the child, pull down his pants and bring the spoon down *thwack* five, six times. The worn fabric of their underwear did little to lessen the sting. If Chris was the victim, Ezra's stomach would churn with a strange mixture of pity and relief as he watched.

chapter ten

Ezra was always relieved if, when he returned from school, his father was not home—though this meant he was working overtime and would be especially tired. He and Chris would crash and yell in the hallway with their miniature hockey sticks and an old tennis ball.

When they heard the front door open they would go to their room and play more quietly. Sometimes Mark was told if one or both had misbehaved and he came with a wooden spoon, exhausted and intent. The guilty one would call for "Mom" and for mercy and she often interceded.

"It's okay, Mark." At times she could dissuade him . . .

chapter twelve

The family went trick-or-treating. Ezra was Frankenstein, Chris was E.T. Mark pushed the youngest, Thomas, in a stroller. They journeyed to the lobbies of the neighbouring buildings. Ezra delighted in the unfamiliar reflection in the mirrors beyond the candy-laden tables. Then they followed the maze of townhouses across the boulevard, where the rough kids lived.

Ezra was given a Laura Secord chocolate bar. He checked his bag, just to be sure. There it was! Excited, he began to moan and lurch, stiff-legged.

They returned home an hour later, tired. They were to divide the candy. The children pranced to the dim kitchen and emptied their bags onto the table. They sat in a circle. Ezra's heart palpitated when he saw the Laura Secord chocolate glimmering green at the crown of his mound. Chris had one too, an orange one. Each had his favourite colour!

Delilah said "okay . . ." and chose Ezra's chocolate.

Ezra panicked. "Not *that* one!" he whined. "Mom!"

"Del," Mark coaxed.

"Fine!" she exploded. She returned it. Her voice rose. "We made you a costume and spent the night walking all over and you can't even share . . ." She began to cry.

Ezra's face burned, he felt confused. Chris looked up at her with large, anxious eyes, then slid his own chocolate to Delilah. She smiled and hugged him. Before bed, Ezra brought her the chocolate. She thanked and hugged him too. He ran back to his room and jumped under his covers.

chapter thirteen

"Oh, Ezra, you look more like your father every time I see you," his grandmother fawned. He averted his eyes. "Poor kid," his father consoled him loudly and laughed.

chapter fourteen

Ezra was in his grandmothers backward. He was stepping on ants. They were black and rather large; they scurried into cracks in the pavement or into the grass. Ezra waited patiently until one darted out then brought his running shoe down hard. He heard

their tiny voices: "Fly! The giant is upon us! Fly!" Sometimes a stricken ant, after recollecting itself, sprinted away as though nothing had happened. Was this the same ant? Ezra reflected for a moment and decided that the tread of his shoe was to blame.

It began to rain. Large drops beat the battlefield. There were no more ants; the survivors would let the rain wash away the ruined corpses of their comrades.

chapter sixteen

Ezra's lunchpail was red. His name and address were fading from the side. It usually enclosed a peanut butter sandwich wrapped in wax paper, and sometimes an apple. For a while the sandwich contained only margarine. As he scraped the foul stuff off with the paper he would glance across the room at his friend Jonathan. He always had a slice of pizza wrapped in tin foil and a can of Coke.

chapter seventeen

Sometimes Miss Coleman sat on a stool, crossed her legs, and played the guitar. "Jet Plane!" the kids called out. "Scarborough Fair!" Ezra liked "One Tin Soldier" the best.

There won't be any trumpets blowing

Come to Judgement Day

But on the bloody morning after

One tin soldier rides away.

He envisioned a man in a red tunic guiding a chariot over a field dark and red, strewn with shadowy corpses; some wore uniforms, most were dressed in alpine clothing. He drifted toward a smeared sunrise.

chapter eighteen

The children sat and perused the vivid photographs in a *National Geographic*. The optometrist was speaking to their parents. They turned and looked at Ezra.

"Looks like you'll soon be wearing glasses, son," the optometrist said, smiling. Ezra looked at his father and his heart sank.

chapter twenty-two

His father chased him to the washroom. Ezra braced his foot against the counter and leaned against the bending door. He looked in the mirror; both he and his absurd image shook their heads.

chapter twenty-four

He wanted to be a policeman, but not only for the gun and baton. He dreamed of running into a burning house and emerging with a soot-covered child in his arms. Once, he tried to imagine the heat of the fire and beams collapsing upon him, to no avail. But his grades were too low and he had a criminal record. He couldn't even be a security guard, even after attending an all-day training session. Instead he sold a few portable stereos, a wheelbarrowfull of cheeseburgers, a vacuum cleaner. He worked the night shift at a truck stop and came home smelling of diesel and stale hot dog buns.

chapter twenty-five

Mark and Delilah had a serious fight. Walls were punched. "I'm getting a divorce," Delilah screamed. Mark went to the basement and suffered a breakdown.

Their sons were told only that he was sick. They were older now, too busy to notice most of the effects.

He no longer worked.

He slept more. He endured migraines which he attempted to alleviate by sitting in the dark, eyes closed and head back, while headphones soothed with the sounds of a thunderstorm in a secluded forest. He lost his temper; there were no more rages and he never laughed. *Sara Lee* was blamed. When the pastor offered words of encouragement he just nodded and bowed his head.

chapter twenty-six

Ezra and Elise sat in his bedroom. Ezra was ostensibly showing her his hockey card collection, but he was determined to kiss her. His determination wavered, he deferred. He went to the washroom and chastised his reflection in the mirror. When he returned he found her sitting on his bed, her t-shirt beside her. He froze, open-mouthed, eyes bulging. She had to ask him to shut the bedroom door.

They moved into a new cooperative apartment building in October. Their child was born in April. They named her Alexis.

The evening after her birth Ezra walked out of the hospital and into the vast parking lot. He marvelled at the immensity of the sky in this open space, the radiant turquoise before him, the muted amethyst behind. He stopped and, tremulous, whispered "I am a daddy."

He would be different! At work there was talk of courses, offered by the Canadian Institute of Banking and paid for by the bank. He could be successful! He did not remember the walk home.

chapter twenty-eight

Ezra smiled when he overheard Alexis tell her new friend at the playground "my daddy doesn't like Walt Disney, but I do."

chapter twenty-nine

Elise punched him hard in the face. He seized her and forced her out of the apartment. He wanted a barrier separating them, but before he could lock the door she forced her way back in. He caught her beside the kitchen table where he hit her. She knelt on the linoleum and he hit her. He hated her because she raised her hands in a vain attempt to hinder the assault.

When she fell to the floor he stopped. He went to the washroom, locked the door, washed his hands. Twice. He avoided the mirror.

chapter thirty

Alexis cried out in her sleep. Ezra quietly opened her bedroom door. She lay uncovered, naked but for her diaper. Her hair shone, golden in the light of the hallway. He pulled her blanket over her small, hot body. He brushed her soft, damp curls from her clammy cheek.

And then left.

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It's Alive, It's

THEATRE GARGANTUA

by Timothy S. Fitzsimmons

Shh, listen. That's the theatre breathing. The rumours of its death have been greatly exaggerated. And judging by Theatre Gargantua's show *Raging Dreams: Into the Visceral*, which opened last Friday at Theatre La Chapelle, the diagnosis was gravely premature.

In the all-Canadian production, where actors swing across the stage, hang upside down, climb some fifteen upwards, and all to the accompaniment of drumming and chanting, it is not hard to see why *Raging Dreams* can be called some of the most organic theatre around.

The show, written by Meryn Cadell and director/actor Jacquie P.A. Thomas, takes dreams, nightmares, love, isolation, and violence as its subject matter. The stage is not a place where plot is advanced or witty remarks are dropped as exit lines, but a place where five ropes, some assembled piping, a few lights and a couple chairs transform an otherwise static space into the dynamic locus of our hopes and fears.

Director/writer/actor Thomas and her crew of talented performers bring to Montréal a show that has been in the works for some three years now. When last seen, *Raging Dreams* was ensconced in the St. Stephen of the Fields Church on College St. in Toronto where Gargantua was laying the exploratory groundwork for the polished show they now have.

Having taken the three interim

years to iron out the subject, text, blocking and acoustics of the show, Gargantua has arrived at a point where the show is ready for larger stages.

The crucial aspect of Gargantua's work is its experimental nature. If you are looking for a well-made play to cap off an evening of cocktails and dinner, don't go see *Raging Dreams*, because you'll probably toss it all back up. Rather than letting the show wash over you in a warm haze of standard theatre, this show is so visceral, raw, and active that, as an audience member you have to wait and watch for what might come at you out of the dark, hoping that it won't actually grab you.

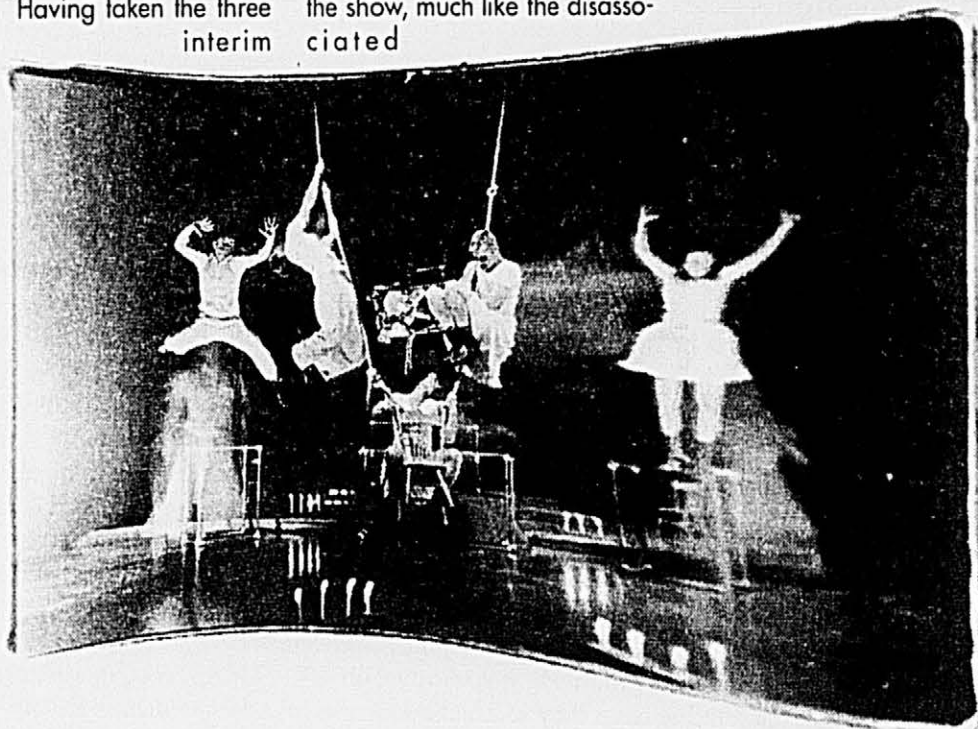
The title *Raging Dreams* is significant of the collection of fragmentary vignettes that make up the show, much like the disassociated

collection of seemingly unrelated elements in our own dreams. Yet the dreams, once objectively viewed, can reveal that their confusing symbols mask a deeper



meaning. The underlying themes which are present in the dreams reveal our hopes, fears, loves, desires, nightmares, and the unspeakable — the hidden corners of our mind.

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Alive!

The Grapes of Wrath

logue, chanting, drumming, fragmentary and distorted sound, minimal lighting (there are no over-had lights used), light and shadow, and constant movement, Thomas and Gargantua have created a piece of theatre that puts it at the fore of experimentation and makes it a vital part of contemporary Canadian professional theatre.

The actors in the show (Erica Buss, Michael Spence, Timothy Somerville, Adam Gaudreau, Diane Niec, and Thomas) place all of their effort into keeping up the intensity. After a one hour performance that is so kinetic, as an audience member even you are left with sore arms from gripping the theatre seats. Creating a space that lives, breathes and comes to life before your eyes takes an immense amount of precision and skill, and the actors of *Raging Dreams* handle the task adeptly.

At the end of the show, a stunned audience sat quietly until a thunder of applause pounded the stage. The actors quickly took their bows and then disappeared. Once the house lights came up there was an audible gasp: not of shock, but the gasp of a person who has just ridden a roller coaster and during the whole trip has not dared to even sneak a breath. So it is with *Raging Dreams*.

One of the disappointments about Theatre Gargantua's Montréal run is that it is so short. After opening last Friday, they continue their production only until this Saturday. After Montréal they will be off for other destinations throughout North America and Europe. While the show is in Montreal though, theatre-goers are blessed with the opportunity to see this unforgettable show; concrete evidence that theatre is still alive and kicking.

Raging Dreams: Into the Visceral, directed by Jacquie P.A. Thomas, plays at Theatre La Chapelle, until December 5th. 3700 rue Saint-Dominique. \$15 general, \$12 students. Call 843-7738 for show times and reservations.

JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE

by Glenn Wildes

At one moment or another during the course of one's life, we don't get exactly what we want or expect. The Grapes of Wrath playing at Cafe Campus last Saturday night was one of those moments. I expected to see a band that has recently rejoined, returning to the small club scene to prove themselves with fire and energy. I expected a smoky room thick with hot lights and a packed dance floor lubricated with captivated emotions and a pulsating crowd. I expected to see a band striving for new direction by working music out on a stage instead of in a studio. I expected a hell of a lot more than I got.

In their time, the Grapes of Wrath enjoyed a respectable amount of radio success with pop hits that we all know yet rarely miss. You still hear these songs today on various radio stations from easy listening to mainstream rock. They disbanded at the peak of their popularity in 1992, and two of the members started a project called Ginger, which fared little to no success, and ended up disbanding after a couple of weak albums. So what do you do when you break up a band that's at its peak to start a band that sucks? You go back to the original name and attempt to milk the cow one last time. And milk it they did.

Fifteen dollars got you a seat (yes, everyone was sitting) in a bar with sixty, maybe seventy people tops, to watch a band go over some high school romance, pretty in pink, shoulder padded, late 80s, over practiced, no soul drivel that ended by 10:00 p.m.

First of all, fifteen bucks is a whole lot of cash to see and

hear what basically amounts to a bar band that isn't popular. You can pay a lot less to see great bar bands that actually work hard in the struggle to write good, genuine tunes and build a strong fan base, instead of just depending on the lost past and attempting to recapture the glory, almost rock star days of old.

Secondly, I just don't understand this early bed time thing. Bar shows just don't end by 10:00 no matter who you are. I was contemplating not even showing up until eleven or so like I would at a normal bar gig, to avoid a long wait before they hit the stage. If convention was followed I would have missed the whole thing, and in hind sight, that probably would have been best.

I did enjoy the sound quality and the rhythm section proved themselves tight, but even then it just seemed like we were watching three guys punch the clock down at the factory for another shift of repetition and mundane lack of exploration. They were able to hire a good light man, but I still can't seem to transform that into a compliment towards the band. There are two camps on why people work hard at any art form: passion or money. Some feel like they have no choice but to release the energy that stirs deep in their soul, to give society new, fresh ideas that add to the collective world of higher art. Others dream of fame and money and should keep it locked up in the closet with the rest of their childhood, air guitar fantasies. Grapes of Wrath are a fifteen dollar example of what happens when art goes bad.



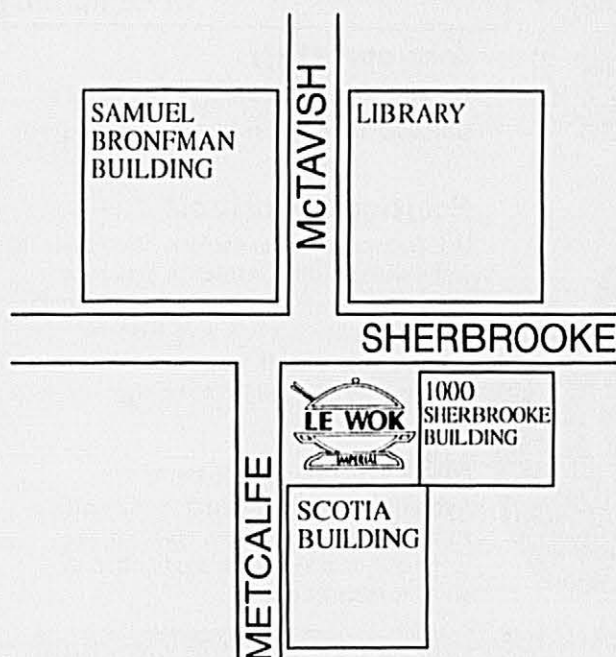
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12:15 PM at Redpath Hall, Réal Gauthier, organ. Works by Corrette and D'Aquin. Free Admission.

8:00 PM McGill Symphony Orchestra, Timothy Vernon, conductor. Anton Bruckner: Symphony No. 4 in G. Josef Suk: Serenade for String Orchestra in E flat. \$5.

The Intercultural Institute of Montréal is offering an intercultural training program to social workers, mental health and health care professionals, for the development of alternative practices in social and health care intervention 9:30 AM to 4:30 PM on Fri and Sat. At the Intercultural Institute of Montréal, 4917 St. Urbain. Registration fee \$130 plus taxes (25% off for community organizations and full time students).

Saturday Dec 5th

8:00 PM McGill Symphony Orchestra, Timothy Vernon, conductor. Anton Bruckner: Symphony No. 4 in G. Josef Suk: Serenade for String Orchestra in E flat. \$5.

The Intercultural Institute of Montreal is offering training for social workers, mental health and health care professionals. (See Dec 4th for description).

Sunday Dec 6th

The Raoul Wallenberg International Movement for Humanity and the Canadian Friends of Raoul Wallenberg celebrate the 85th birthday of Ambassador Per Anger, a member of the Presidential Board of the RWIMH who worked hand in hand with Wallenberg in Budapest during WWII. 1:00 PM Cummings House, 5151 Cote Ste. Catherine Rd.

Pre-Christmas "Comic Relief" auction to support the Phoenix Centre's Drug and Alcohol Treatment Program. 1:30 - 4:30 PM. Bourbon St. W. 1866 Sources Blvd. Point Claire. Free Admission.

Monday Dec 7th

McGill Conservatory Children's Chorus, McGill Youth Choir and F.A.C.E. Junior Treble Choir. Erica Phare, director. Works by J.S. Bach. Free Admission. 8:00 PM.

Ongoing

The McGill Domestic Violence Clinic offers a treatment group for men who abuse their partners or for whom the issue of violence in relationships is of concern to. The group meets weekly on Tuesday evenings from 6:00-8:00 PM. Services are offered

on a sliding scale fee basis. For more information, contact Laura Johnston or Dong Kim at 398-2686.

The Bi Group meets Wednesdays at 5:30pm in Shatner room 423. All genders are encouraged to attend.

The Women's Group meets Thursdays at 6 PM in Shatner rm. 423. All Queer women are welcome.

The Coming-Out Group meets Fridays at 5:30 PM in Shatner in room 423. For people of all genders who are just coming out, or who are uncertain about their sexuality.

The Men's group meets Fridays at 7 PM in the basement of UTC (3521 University St., just north of Milton. All queer men are welcome.

Women's Support Group - a facilitated group for women who are or who have been in abusive relationships. Meetings are informal, confidential and free cost. The place is safe and secure. For more information, please contact Heather Holmes at the McGill Domestic Violence Clinic- 398-2686.

Criminal Injustice, a working group of QPIRG McGill, is organizing a series of events for Restorative Justice Week 1998, until the 25th of November. call 398-7432.

The Project invites you to join in the creation of the International Festival for Humanity. The event will take place at McGill and in five other cities around the world in April 1999. We're looking for anyone interested in shakin' the world. Come and join us. For more info call Mauricio or Brad at 844-1610.

The Poumon-9 Line is a bilingual help line for smokers, ex-smokers, their family and friends. Operative Monday to Friday 2 to 9 p.m.

The McGill Eating Disorder Unit offers support groups free of charge to all students aged 18 years or older. For more info or to join call 398-1050.

Outreach to Inmates: Bordeaux Jail Protestant Chaplaincy invites McGill students to form a support group for preventative detention inmates. Thursdays 1-4. Call Gwenda Wells, 398-4104.

Parentheses is a parent support group providing an opportunity for parents of young children to get together. Call Cyndy Spilberg at 934-0354 ext. 354

McGill Centre for Research and Teaching on Women is looking for a person interested in women's studies to write 3 or 4 press releases per semester. Pays \$8-10 an hour. call Blossom at 398-3911

Calls for Volunteers

The Daily invites all interested parties to come and help out with writing, photos, or layout. Drop by the office at Shatner 8-03 or call 398-6784.

Volunteers needed at the NDG Food Depot and NDG Info Depot. Call Gina at 483-5346.

Big Brothers and Big Sisters of West Island are looking for mentors, male and female, 18 yrs and up, to commit one hour/week. Make a difference in the life of a child. For info call 684-6100.

The CLSC NDG/Montréal West is looking for volunteers to assist individuals with

different needs on a one-to-one basis or to help with office/reception work. For more info call the CLSC Volunteer Coordination office at 485-7811, ext. 1015 or 1020.

Queer Line call for Volunteers. Queer line is seeking dedicated, queer and queer-positive students to be trained as volunteers in our January training session. All those interested should attend a short orientation session on Friday Nov 27th at 5 PM in Shatner room 435. For more info call Queer Line at 398-6822.

If you love babies or want experience working with infant twins, CLSC René-Cassin needs you. The organization seeks volunteers to work one-on-one with overwhelmed families with recent twins in the West End. Patience, reliability and experience necessary. Call Elizabeth at 488-9163 ext. 351 for more info.

Help stop elder abuse! The Elder Abuse Info-line is seeking bilingual volunteers to help seniors in need and raise awareness around elder abuse and seniors' rights. You will receive appropriate training, develop communication skills and be part of a dynamic volunteer team. For more info call Heather Hart: 488-9163 ext. 360.

Volunteer to be a Best Buddy! Best Buddies creates friendships between people with developmental disabilities and college students. For more info e-mail bb@ssmu.mcgill.ca

Santropol Roulant is looking for volunteers to deliver meals to those living with a loss of autonomy. With project GO, student involvement is facilitated by bringing meals to the Shatner Building. Those interested call Genevieve at 282-0245.

Contactivity Centre for Seniors, is looking for volunteers and donations. Activities include a telephone check up service, community involvement for elders, social development, health and physical well being programs and home support services. Contact 932-3433 for more info.

The Shalom Line seeks patient and compassionate listeners, over 20 years of age, to volunteer on their confidential, anonymous listening line. To get involved call 735-3541

Mines Action Canada is sending out a challenge to students and professors to come up with new or improved technologies to detect and remove land mines. Preliminary proposals are due November 30. Contact Mary Foster at (613)-234-6755.

Call for volunteers at Atwater Library and Computing Centre. Three hours a week only. Pick up an application at the circulation desk or call Susan McGuire, 937-3169.

Volunteers wanted for YM-YWHA Computer Drop-In Centre. Volunteers must be computer literate and enjoy working with teens. Call Abba at 737-6551, ext.230.

Improve your leadership, public speaking and group skills by volunteering at CLSC René-Cassin. CLSC is presently recruiting volunteers to work in an In-home Simulation program. You will be trained and supervised by professional and learn to run activities with seniors, the market of the future. Call 488-9163 local 351 for info.

Unitarian Church of Montreal

Christmas Eve, 5:30 pm

Carols by Candlelight

5035 de Maisonneuve West (Vendôme metro)

Tel.: 485-9933

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18 years old by June 1st to apply.

MONTREAL interviewing on:

December 10 & 11. Contact the Chi office
at 847.272.2301 for more information
or fill out an on-line job application at
www.campchi.com.

847.272.2301 OR campchi@mcimail.com

staff wanted • staff wanted • staff wanted

NEWS FROM STUDENT ACCOUNTS OFFICE

Winter term fees will show on the statements sent at the beginning of December. The statement balance is owed on the due date, December 31st 1998 as indicated on the statement. Please be advised that the Student Accounts Office will be closed for the period of December 24th to January 1st inclusive.

Should you have any query regarding your statement or your account, you can contact a Student Accounts representative at:

Telephone: 398-3900

E-mail: Studacc@acct1.mcgill.ca

Fax: 398-2656

View your fees via SATURN at
<http://www.is.mcgill.ca/Students>

daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.25 per day. General Public: \$6.00 per day, or \$5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

MOVERS / STORAGE

Moving/Storage. Closed van or truck. Local & long distance. Ott-Tor-Van-NY-Fla-7 days, 24 hours, low rates. Steve 735-8148.

HOUSING

New Condo Lofts
For rent. 5 mins. from McGill & RVH. 772 to 1300 sq. ft. From \$900/month. Occ. Mid-Nov onwards to July 99. Leon 932-5885 leave message.

For rent: Sunny Apt.
Bedroom, full bathroom & kitchen on second floor within a house in lower Westmount. Heat elect included. non-smoker, no pets. Available Dec. 1st. \$350/mo. Marie or Jozef: 288-4251. Home: 484-3159.

St-Laurent & Pine. 3 1/2 loft apartment. Fridge, stove. Semi-furnished available Dec/Jan, heated. Good for students & artists, near McGill. 866-4491.

Coming Back in January
And looking for a better place to live? Sunny furnished room in 8 1/2 in Outremont. Close to transportation. Interested in Japanese speaking people for a possible language exchange. 271-2080.

La Cité Sublet (Jan. to July 99) Beautiful 3 1/2 overlooking Mt-Royal. Heated, A/C, Fridge, stove, doorman. Reg. \$820. For only \$720/month. 284-6150 leave message.

HELP WANTED

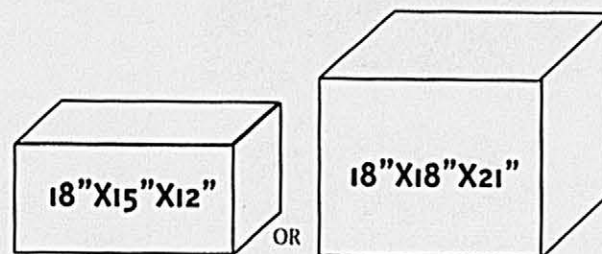
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Master School of Bartending - bartending & table service. Complete placement agency. Leaders in the hospitality industry for 18 yrs. McGill rate 849-2828. bartending.com

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Christmas Gift Wrappers
Creative customer service oriented individuals, locations - Downtown Toronto, Mississauga. Managers to \$8.25/hour + bonuses. Wrappers to \$7.15/hour. Full/Part time, December 1-24. 416-588-7619.

Part-time students
Wanted to work at Restaurant Pasta e Basta. For deliveries in McGill area. Apply at 896 Sherbrooke W. (McGill College) or call Rola for info (514) 744-0949.

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McGill Work Study Program

The Work Study Program continues in 1998-99 with additional funds from the University to increase work opportunities for students during the fall, winter and summer terms. In addition, the Science Undergraduate Society continues their contribution to create positions in the Faculty of Science for science students.

WHAT IS WORK STUDY?

This program provides part-time on-campus employment to full-time degree students who demonstrate financial need. Eligible employers benefit from subsidized labour costs when Work Study students are hired.

HOW DO I APPLY?

Program information and student applications are available at the Student Aid office on both campuses. Applications must be returned to the Student Aid office by: **Friday January 8, 1999** to be considered for fall, winter and summer term hiring opportunities.

OFFICE OF STUDENT AID & INTERNATIONAL STUDENT ADVISER
Powell Building, 3637 Peel St., Room 200

During McGill's 1999 Winter Semester

Courses on the History of Communications

109-200B Communications - Pre-Electronic Age
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays
2:00 - 3:00pm
Room 112, Rutherford Physics Bldg.

The social and cultural implications of major developments in communications from prehistory to the start of the electronic age.

109-210B Communications - Electronic Age
Tuesdays, Thursdays
3:30 - 5:00pm
Room 112, Rutherford Physics Bldg.

The social and cultural consequences of major developments in mass communications from the onset of the electronic age to the present.

OPEN to all undergraduate students.

For further information please contact:
Graduate Program in Communications
McGill University
3465 Peel Street, Mtl., QC H3A 1W7
(514) 398-4110
Email:GPC@LEACOCK.LAN.MCGILL.CA

Metropolitan News 866-9227 1109
Cypress St. Newspapers & magazines loaded with ads for jobs, business, apts, condos, etc. Needs someone to help at their leisure hours. Also student with computer at his convenience.

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experienced dynamic sales reps for very easy high volume phone sales. 10 positions open for both f/t + p/t night shifts. Highly motivated individuals only need call! Doug 940-1368.

\$300 half-day. Female models 18-23 y/o, cute, slim, nice smile for erotic photography. No experience needed. All origins welcome. Bring a friend, make \$\$\$ 998-8255.

Help Wanted: 10 Experienced Sales reps needed. \$10 per hour + commission. Friendly atmosphere. Full + part time. Tel: 399-1173.

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WordPerfect 6.0 Windows. Theses \$1.50/D.S.P., applications, term-papers, graphics, table structures, SA's, CV's. Specialized in Medical Terminology. Professional, reliable. Close to McGill. Vicky 843-3572.

Word processing all student docs, editing, grammar, flex hours. Sun-Fri 521-6069.

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Focused on accomplishments, Free cover letter, Affordable Prices, English/French translation. Call me: (514) 453-8767. Email: m.senecal@videotron.ca.

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Spanish Services
Spanish tutoring/editing at reasonable prices. Beginner to intermediate level/oral and written. One on one tutorials and essay revision. Ivana 286-2347.

F O R S A L E

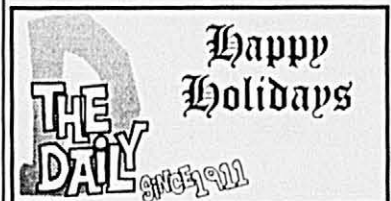
2 McGill leather jackets size 38-40 (red), size 40-42 (burgundy) Like New! Hardly worn. \$175.00 Tel (450) 444-0957.

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December 3, 1998 The McGill Daily

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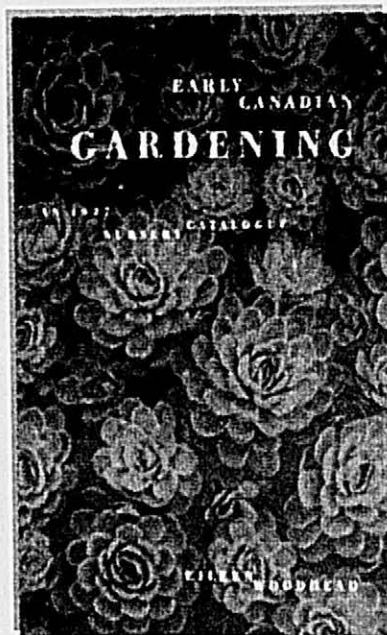
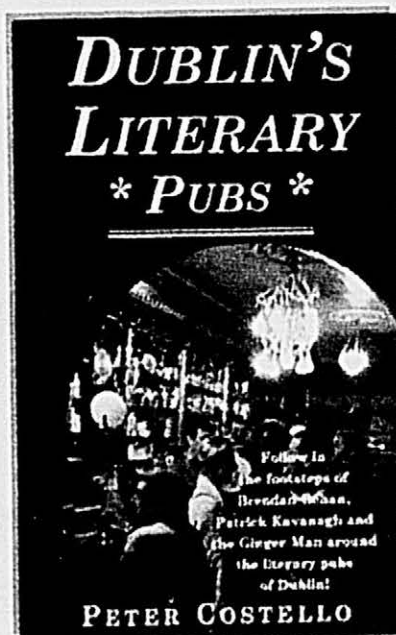
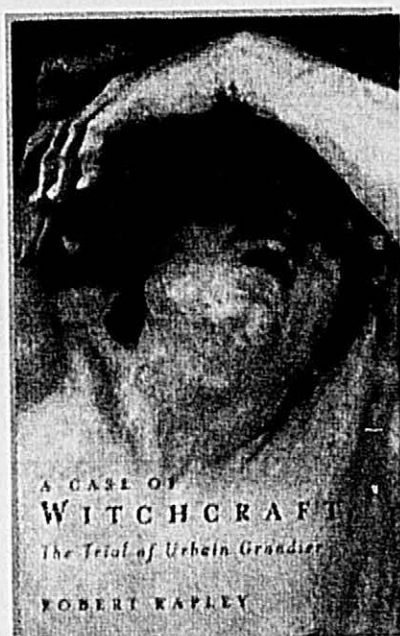
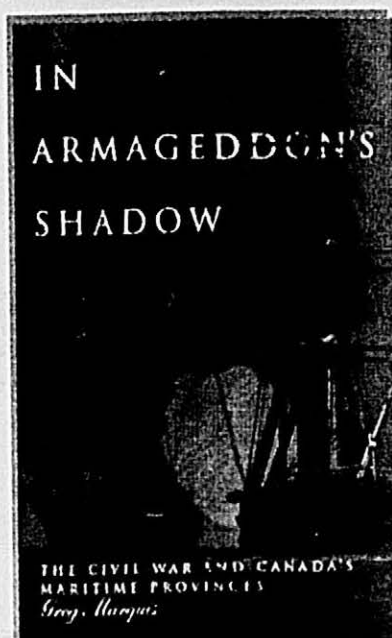
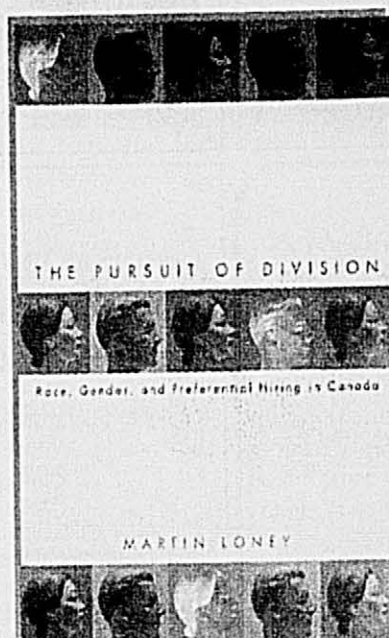
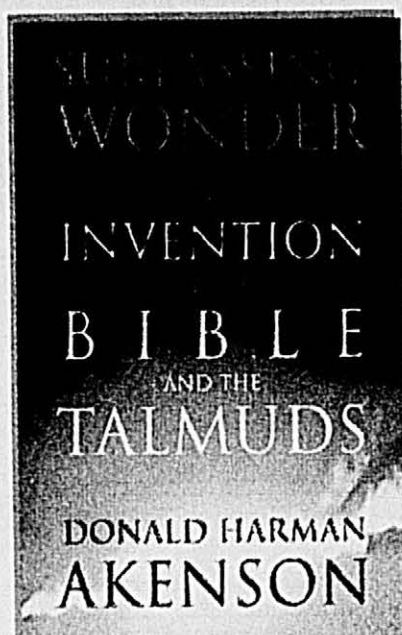
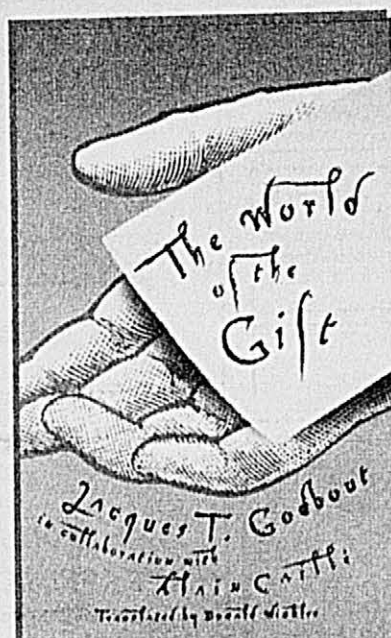


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